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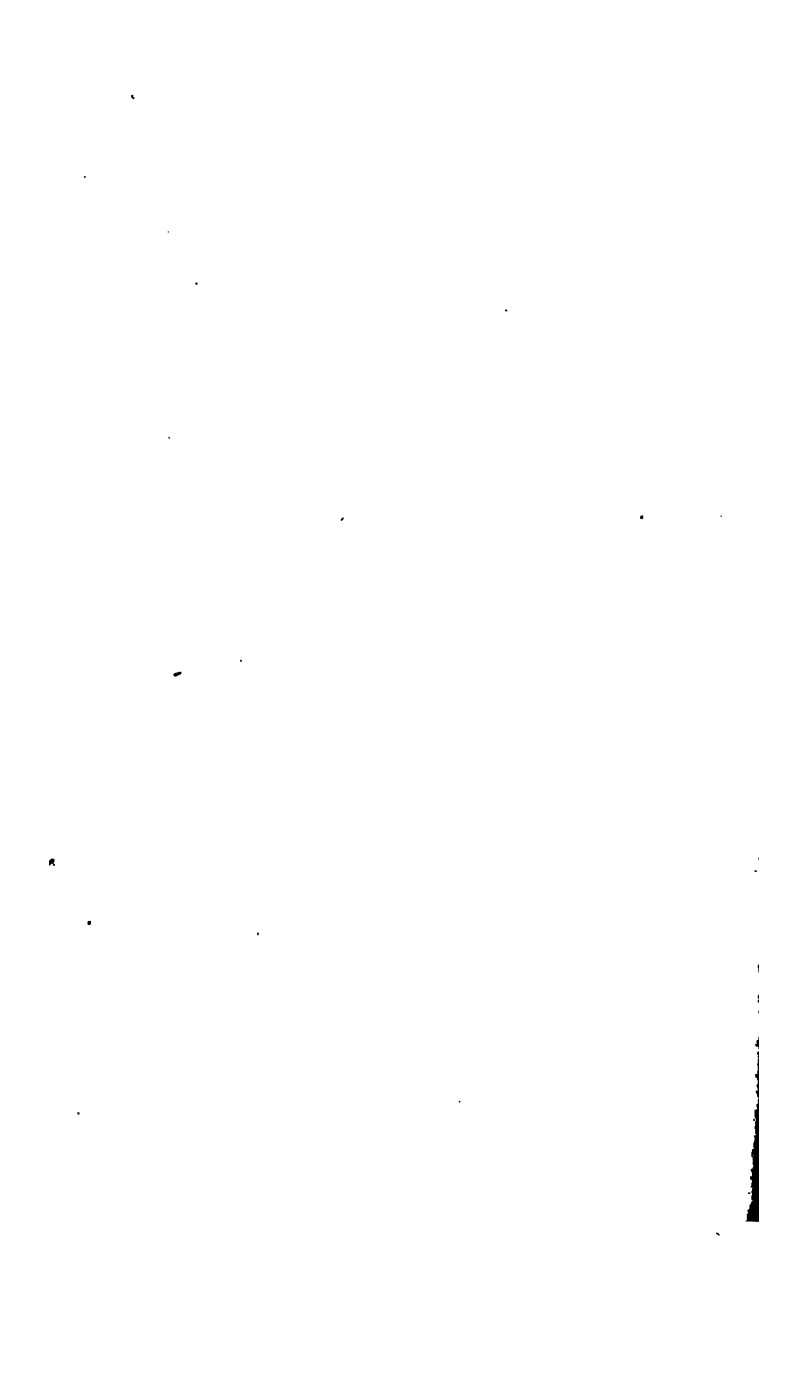
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**ALTHEA VERNON;**

OR

**THE EMBROIDERED HANDKERCHIEF.**

1

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

**HENRIETTA HARRISON;**

OR,

**THE BLUE COTTON UMBRELLA.**

BY MISS LESLIE,

AUTHOR OF "PENCIL SKETCHES," &c.

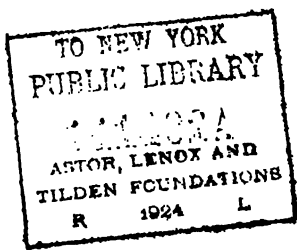
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# ALTHEA VERNON;

OR,

## THE EMBROIDERED HANDKERCHIEF.

### CHAPTER I.

THE clock of St. John's church was striking twelve as the last carriage rolled away from the door of Mrs. Vernon's residence in the neighborhood of Hudson Square. The lady and her daughter were leaning, somewhat fatigued, against the cushions of an ottoman, and talking over the events of the evening which had been devoted to entertaining a small select party, for Mrs. Vernon never gave large ones; the company being invited to meet a southern family from which her late husband received much civility during a winter he had passed in Charleston. One of the cushions having slipped down, Althea, in replacing it found an elegant pocket handkerchief, which she imme-

Hand Mrs. Vernon. Feb. 26 Apr. 1924 (Original 1844)

diately recognised as belonging to the Carolinian heiress, Miss Fitzgerald.

“ Ah!” exclaimed Althea, who was a very young girl, “ I should have known this handkerchief to be Miss Fitzgerald’s, even without the name she has had so delicately marked in the centre. I wonder at her carelessness in leaving so valuable a thing behind her. I was with her at Stewart’s the other day when she was looking at some that were just opened; and she took six at fifty, and four at eighty dollars a-piece. Do you not recollect, mamma, I told you as soon as I came home?”

“ I think I do remember something of Miss Fitzgerald’s laying out several hundred dollars in one morning at Stewart’s—but I thought it had been for what your uncle Waltham calls gown-stuffs.”

“ Oh! no indeed, mamma—that would have been nothing extraordinary; Miss Fitzgerald, of course, dresses superbly. It was all for pocket handkerchiefs. I wonder you should forget. But really, these southern people must have Aladdin’s lamp in circulation among them. The money they spend when they come to the north is almost incredible.”

“ It is a great mistake,” observed Mrs. Vernon, “ to suppose that all southern families are rich, or that they universally indulge in a lavish expenditure; on the contrary, many of them are obliged

to use very close economy in their visits to our part of the Union. But the wealth of Mr. Fitzgerald is, I believe unquestionable; and, therefore, it is needless for his daughter to manifest the opulence of the family by throwing away large sums upon gew-gaws."

"Oh, mamma, cried Althea, "do not call these divine handkerchiefs gew-gaws! Only look at this (spreading it out on her hands) examine the work, and see how exquisite it is—like a delicate bas-relief sculptured by the fingers of a fairy. You must look at it closely, or you will be unable to appreciate its excellence."

"The work is certainly very fine," conceded Mrs. Vernon, "and the effect so admirable that color would rather injure than improve it."

"And the design is so beautiful," pursued Althea. "See the peacock's feathers radiating like a star from the centre where their stems cross each other so ingeniously, leaving a space for the owner's name! And the rich border of rose-leaves and buds, with the minuteness of the almost imperceptible thorns on their delicate stalks. And these charming corners—how ingeniously they are turned! And the lovely sprigs thickly scattered between the centrepiece and the border. Then look at the magnificent lace that is quilled round the hem—the ground so fine, and the edge so rich. See, it is



genuine Brussels. There now, mamma, (placing herself before a pier glass,) when I hold the handkerchief *bias*, gathering it a little beyond the middle, and letting one corner fall gracefully over my hand, the lace has the effect of strings of small white shells meandering about the cambric, and only united to it by transparent wreaths of woven air."

"I cannot see all this, even when you do hold the handkerchief *bias*," said Mrs. Vernon, half smiling, "and you seem to be wasting a great deal of good enthusiasm on a pocket handkerchief."

"Oh, mamma!" replied Althea, "if you would only take it into your own hands, and examine it closely, you would not wonder at my admiration."

"If its beauties are so minute as to be imperceptible without a close inspection," remarked Mrs. Vernon, "it must be a most unsatisfactory piece of finery; for I will not do the thing the injustice to suppose that it is considered otherwise than as a mere ornament."

"And so are ear-rings, mamma, and necklaces, and brooches, and all other articles of jewellery. They, also, are mere ornaments."

"True: and as such I regret that so much money should always be expended on them. But, to say nothing of the intrinsic value of rich jewels, *their* beauty is well defined, and their lustre visible even

at a tolerable distance. It must be acknowledged that the brilliancy of a few rich jewels improves the elegance of a fine head and neck, and sets off the whiteness of a handsome hand. They certainly add much to the splendor of full dress when a lady is of proper age to wear it. Thus, when *grand costume* is considered expedient, a rich satin or velvet is undoubtedly more magnificent than a plain silk. Also, with regard to feathers, flowers and blond, however costly they may be, they still have the advantage of demonstrating at a glance their quality and their beauty, and are really very ornamental. And I confess that lace and fine needle-work make a very pretty show in pelerines, collars and cuffs, particularly when worn with a dark dress. But does a lady look the more beautiful for carrying, gathered up in her hand, a piece of cambric, whose decorations and whose value can neither be perceived nor understood without a close examination. There may be much private felicity in the innate consciousness of having paid an enormous sum for the thing; but I know not how the glories of an eighty dollar pocket handkerchief can be duly manifested to the public, unless the enviable owner should display it to full advantage by pinning it over the front of her dress, spread out as an apron, the price ticketed on one corner. She might, to be sure, affix it to a wand,

and carry it as a flag, with the motto, 'See what *I* can afford.' No doubt it would attract many followers to her standard."

"Now indeed, mamma," said Althea, "you are making the subject too ridiculous. But you see that elegant handkerchiefs are becoming universal, at least among all that can possibly procure them. \*Last winter I met in the street a lady leading a little girl, about three years old, and to the muff secured to the child's waist by a ribbon, was pinned a handkerchief covered with embroidery, and trimmed with a quilling of broad lace. The handkerchief was so arranged that the whole of it hung down conspicuously from the end of the muff."

"Poor child!"—remarked Mrs. Vernon—"an infant sacrifice on the altar of vanity. Every new folly is for awhile epidemic."

"Indeed, mamma," proceeded Althea, "this sort of epidemic is now so prevalent that it seems impossible to resist the contagion; therefore, we may as well yield to it at once, and be like other people. I have long been ashamed of my plain cambric handkerchiefs, fine in texture as they are. And if I had twenty dozen, I would gladly give them all for two or three beautiful things like this of Miss Fitzgerald's."

\* Fact.

"I am very sorry to hear you talk so foolishly," replied Mrs. Vernon, "and I regret that this senseless fancy seems to have taken possession of a mind from which (even young as you are) I had hoped better things. Be assured, however, that you cannot prevail on me to gratify this idle longing for embroidered handkerchiefs.

"Only one then, mamma"—pleaded Althea—"I will try to be satisfied with a single one, provided it is very elegant, like this."

"Not a single one," replied her mother, "I could not indulge you with such a handkerchief, or indeed with one at fifty or even twenty dollars, unless I withheld from you things more conducive to your real happiness. Your father, it is true, left quite sufficient to enable you and myself to continue living in our accustomed manner, with something to spare occasionally to a few deserving people, whose lot is less fortunate than our own. You should be satisfied at our amply possessing the means of keeping house both genteelly and comfortably, (for those two words are not always synonymous;) of entertaining our friends in a liberal and becoming style; of dressing as well as American ladies ought to dress; and of gratifying ourselves with books, prints, music and many other rational pleasures; of seeing whatever is curious in

the city; and of occasional excursions to other places. Being in possession of all these enjoyments, (which, however, can only be afforded by observing a due proportion in our various expenses, and regulating them with proper consistency) I think, my dear Althea, you may well dispense with embroidered pocket handkerchiefs."

"But, mamma," persisted Althea, "I see very elegant handkerchiefs carried by ladies whose circumstances are certainly far inferior to ours."

"So much the worse," replied her mother; "these ladies must have made very inconvenient and perhaps painful sacrifices to obtain the baubles. But I am amazed, my dear daughter, at your pertinacity on this very foolish subject. Do you not recollect how amused you were in reading Lady Montague's account of her visit to the Sultana Hafiten, when you came to the handkerchiefs or napkins of tiffany beautifully worked in flowers of colored silk, with which the Turkish princess and herself wiped their hands on washing them after dinner. But Cæsar is waiting to extinguish the last of the lamps. We have had 'something too much of this.' Good night, and give me a kiss, though I do refuse to allow you embroidered *mouchoirs*."

Althea smiled, kissed her mother, and ran to her

own apartment, taking with her Miss Fitzgerald's handkerchief, which she again spread out and surveyed with admiring eyes before she folded it up and put it away.

## CHAPTER II.

NEXT morning our heroine wrapped the handkerchief in India paper, put it into her reticule, and set out to restore it to Miss Fitzgerald, at Mrs. Ranstead's boarding house, in Broadway. There, on seeing Mrs. Ranstead, she found that Mr. Fitzgerald and his daughter had departed at an early hour on the northern tour, as it is called; designing to visit Saratoga, Niagara, and Quebec, and to return through New Hampshire and Massachusetts.

"I thought," said Althea, "they were not going till next week."

"That was their intention," replied Mrs. Ranstead, but after they came home, last night, they were persuaded to join a very pleasant party from my house, that had decided on setting out this morning."

When Althea went home, she consulted her mother on the expediency of sending the handkerchief after Miss Fitzgerald. But Mrs. Vernon, (aware of the risk of its not reaching the place of

destination, as the movements of Miss Fitzgerald and her party were uncertain,) recommended that Althea should take care of it till the return of the owner, adding, "if it were a plain cambric, it would be well to have it washed before restoring it to her."

"Oh! mamma," said Althea, "these exquisitely delicate handkerchiefs should be washed as seldom as possible. No art can ever make washed lace look as well as new, and this is quilled on so elegantly—indeed, as none but a Frenchwoman can quill. It had best remain as it is. I cannot take the responsibility of having any thing done to it that may in the slightest degree impair its freshness and beauty. Besides, as these superb handkerchiefs are never in reality *used*, they will bear a great many carryings in new white gloves before they begin to look in the least soiled or rumpled. There is an art in managing them, as there is an art in wearing an India shawl. See—this handkerchief looks as nicely now as if it had just come out of the store."

"Althea," said her mother, "Mrs. Dimsdale and Julia have been here, while you were out. On Monday they go to Rockaway, for a week or two, and they are very pressing that you and I should join their family party on this excursion.—But I



declined, as you know we shall next week be expected at your uncle Waltham's."

"Oh! dear mamma," exclaimed Althea, "I had much rather go to Rockaway than to New Manchester. I have been repeatedly at New Manchester, and never once at Rockaway: which is certainly very strange, considering that it is but twenty miles from the city. I am really ashamed to acknowledge that I have never yet seen the open ocean. And as to these New Manchester visits, I must say that I have now very little pleasure in them. They are always exactly the same thing. Uncle Waltham has explained to me so often the machinery of his cotton mills, and of all other cotton mills—present, past, and to come, that he only confuses, instead of enlightening me; and the more he explains the less I understand. I supposed I had quite lost his favor, during our last visit, when, after he had been talking to me two or three hours about old-fashioned and new-fashioned machinery, I thought to give him a proof of what he calls an inquiring mind, by asking if the Jennies were the women-spinners, and the Billies the men, and if they all rode to the factories on mules. I hoped, after this, that he would no longer attempt to combat my ignorance, but next day he returned to the charge all the same, and my silly head was

again set in a whirl with flyers, and rollers, and double-speeders; all which he gravely assured me were no laughing matters, as, without them, I should not have a gown to my back."

"I am sorry your good uncle has taken so much pains to so little purpose," observed Mrs. Vernon.

"Dear mamma," proceeded Althea, "do not try to look so serious. You know he is no farther my uncle than that his first wife was papa's half-sister."

"Still," said Mrs. Vernon, "as a kind and excellent man, and an old connection of the family, he is entitled to your regard and respect."

"Indeed, mamma, I regard and respect him with all my heart. Yet it is so hard to be a utilitarian before I am out of my teens. *Mais le bon temps viendra*, and I dare say at five-and-twenty I shall quite enjoy New Manchester, and be fully capable of taking a distinguished part in all the improving conversation that is continually progressing between my uncle and his neighbors. For instance, that of Mr. Stratum, the geologist, who comes every afternoon and talks about the old red sandstone, and the new red sand-stone; and Mr. Grading, who bolts in just after breakfast, with his hands full of newspapers, saying, delightedly, 'There's another rail-road out, this morning.'"

"For shame," said her mother, "to laugh at these valuable men. You know not how much

may be learnt by listening to every one on their favorite topics."

"Very true, mamma, but it is so fatiguing to be kept always on the improve. As to Aunt Waltham, she has no fault but that of expecting every one to be as faultless as herself, and trying to make them so by perpetual admonitions and exhortations. Then her books are all so exceedingly instructive, that I fall asleep with them in my hands, and am at a loss how to answer when she catechises me about their contents. I know it is very wicked in me to say so, but when I was last at aunt Waltham's I absolutely hated Miss Hannah More. Therefore, dear mamma, do let me go to Rockaway."

To be brief, Mrs. Vernon was finally prevailed on to consent, for the first time, to a separation from her giddy daughter; permitting Althea to accompany the Dimsdales to the sea-shore, while she herself made the promised visit to New Manchester.

While Althea was finishing her preparations for the excursion, her eye fell upon Miss Fitzgerald's handkerchief, as it lay smoothly folded in one of her drawers. She took it up, looked at it again, and wished it hers. "I ought not," thought she, "to trust this handkerchief out of my own possession till I can restore it to Miss Fitzgerald in person. The house may be robbed, in our absence, in spite

of Cæsar's vigilance. Somebody may slip in that has false keys. Mrs. Milford's set of emeralds was taken out of her dressing-room bureau, in Waverley Place, when she had the key with her in Canada. And, therefore, 'to make assurance doubly sure,' this 'superb article' shall accompany me to Rockaway." So saying, she placed it in her trunk, beneath a pile of her own pocket handkerchiefs.

## CHAPTER III.

ON Monday, precisely at the appointed hour, Mr. and Mrs. Dimsdale, with their daughter Julia, stopped at Mrs. Vernon's door, to convey Althea to Rockaway. It being their first separation, (Mrs. Vernon was to go the following day to New Manchester,) the eyes of both mother and daughter overflowed with tears as they bade each other adieu.

The carriage had crossed the Brooklyn Ferry, and proceeded several miles into Long Island, before our young heroine could rally her spirits so as to bestow due admiration on the beauties of the road; notwithstanding that Mr. Dimsdale assiduously directed her notice to various white frame mansions, whose architecture savored of the Gothic, with a touch of the Grecian. He also endeavored to interest her fancy, by pointing out the picturesque scenery of the numerous market-grounds; descanting upon the thick luxuriance of the green and feathery carrot-tops; the broad beet-leaves veined and stalked with red; and the immense purple fruit of the dusky melangina plant; also, the fine clusters

of Lima beans, hanging round their lofty poles; and the glossy tufts of vegetable silk bursting from the green sheaths of the Indian corn. By degrees, however, Althea brightened up, showed a great disposition to be enlightened on the subject of summer and winter squashes; made, of herself, some pertinent remarks on tomatas; and accurately described the difference between cauliflowers and broccoli. To speak seriously, there is, undoubtedly, much real abstract beauty in the aspect of a fine plantation of culinary vegetables; independent of their connection with the enjoyments of the table.

When our little party stopped to rest their horses at the village of Jamaica, they found there the first detachment of an itinerant menagerie, encamped in an open field on the roadside; and, grazing on the green, were two very polite elephants, who at times with their trunks handed to each other select tufts of grass.

While her friends went into the *soi-disant* hotel, and seated themselves in one of the parlors, our heroine, the moment she quitted the carriage, ran off with girlish curiosity, to take a close view of the elephants, one of which was much larger than the other. Almost at the same instant a stanhope drove up to the door, and two young gentlemen alighted, in one of whom Mr. Dimsdale recognised his nephew, Templeton Lansing; and the other was in-

troduced by Lansing as his friend Mr. Selfridge, lately returned from Canton. They had been passing a day or two at Rockaway, and were now on their way back to New York.

"Where is Althea Vernon?" inquired Mrs. Dimsdale.

"Oh! mamma!" replied Julia, looking out at the window, "yonder she is, close to those tremendous elephants, and actually stooping down to examine the ends of their trunks, which they are winding and waving about in the most frightful manner."

"I see," said Mr. Dimsdale, smiling, "that curiosity, in women, is even stronger than fear."

"Oh!" exclaimed Mrs. Dimsdale, "do, somebody, run out and bring Miss Vernon away. It terrifies me to see her so near those monstrous creatures. Mr. Dimsdale, *you* must not go. I meant the young gentlemen."

"There is no danger, my dear," observed Mr. Dimsdale, "the elephants are perfectly docile."

"Perhaps so," replied his wife, laying her hand on his arm; "but the head of a family cannot be too safe."

Wyndham Selfridge, at the first intimation, had set off to rescue the young lady, followed by his companion, whose speed he rapidly outstripped, as Lansing stopped a few moments to give some directions to the ostler. When Selfridge reached the

spot, Althea was still bending down, intent on the manner in which the elephants plucked up the grass with their trunks and conveyed it to their mouths; and it was not till he addressed her by name, that she was aware of his presence. Althea started, and hastily raised her head: her bonnet falling back gave him a full view of one of the prettiest faces he had ever seen, and at that moment he became a convert to the belief in love at first sight. Selfridge was a very handsome young man, and Althea blushed beneath his gaze as she eagerly adjusted her bonnet.

“Excuse me, Miss Vernon”—said Selfridge—“I am commissioned by Mrs. Dimsdale to rescue you from all possibility of danger, by bringing you away from the vicinity of these animals, whose enormous size and immense power are almost enough to shake a young lady’s confidence in the placidity of their dispositions.”

At this moment, Templeton Lansing came up, and introduced Miss Vernon to Mr. Selfridge. Then, putting her arm within his own, he conducted her towards the inn, his friend walking on her other side.

“Were you not afraid, Miss Vernon,” said Lansing—“to approach so near those stupendous creatures?”

“Not in the least,” replied Althea, “or I should



not have done so. The elephant, I believe is one of the most amiable, as well as the most intelligent of quadrupeds; seeming perfectly aware that though 'it is excellent to have a giant's strength, it is villainous to use it as a giant.' "

"A fine girl!" thought Selfridge. "Sense—energy—knowledge of Shakspeare; and, withal, so extremely beautiful."

By the time they entered the parlor, where the Dimsdales were awaiting them, Selfridge regretted exceedingly that he was on his way to the city, and had serious thoughts of proposing to his companion to turn back and accompany the party to Rockaway. His eyes sparkled when this was actually suggested by Mrs. Dimsdale; her husband reminding Lansing that it was now the dull season in Pearl street, and that his partner was fully competent to superintend business. As to Selfridge, he was, just now, quite at leisure, not having yet determined, since his recent return from China, whether he should establish himself in New York, or in his native place, Boston. Finally, it *was* arranged that the two young men should go back to Rockaway.

Having partaken of a little collation, and rested the horses, the ladies and Mr. Dimsdale resumed their seats in the carriage; the young gentlemen preceding them in the stanhope, where Selfridge was unusually silent and abstracted, not hearing

the half that was addressed to him by his companion, and giving vague and unconnected replies.

"See that squirrel running along the fence," said Lansing, pointing with his whip.

"Is she intimate with your cousin, Miss Dimsdale?" inquired Selfridge.

"I suppose you are talking of Miss Vernon," replied Lansing. "Yes, I believe so—I think they were school-mates. I have met Miss Vernon several times at my aunt Dimsdale's, and I have an indistinct recollection of having danced with her somewhere."

"Insensible fellow!" exclaimed Selfridge, "to have any doubts on such a subject."

"Are you going to fall in love with Miss Vernon?" asked Lansing.

"Yes—I have begun already."

"Let me counsel you," resumed Lansing, "to keep your love to yourself, till you have had time to become well acquainted with the lady. Do not by a boyish precipitancy, unworthy a man of six-and-twenty, involve yourself in an engagement with a young girl whom you may afterwards find incompetent to ensure your happiness in married life. I confess that appearances are highly in favor of Miss Vernon; but still she may be in reality as frivolous and heartless as little Rosa Fielding, who, after tantalising me a whole year, married the fine

house and fine equipage of old Gumbledon, who is fat, gouty, deaf, and aged sixty-five. Then there was my first love, the elegant Eugenia Beaumont, whom I thought the most refined and the most intellectual of her sex: did she not jilt me for a rich vulgarian, that told her he never saw nobody half so good looking, and promised to take her on the grand tower, and give her plenty of diamonds, and have her represented (as he called it) at all the courts in Europe. Depend upon it, Selfridge, every woman is a paradox. All my experience of them goes to prove that they are only consistent in inconsistency."

"So are men"—replied Selfridge—"but let us change the subject. Do you see that flock of white cranes, rising together from yonder salt-marsh?"

In the mean time, the travellers in the carriage proceeded on their way; and Althea Vernon, who had heard much of the distinguishing features of the sea-coast, expected to find the face of the country wild, arid, and rocky, with no vegetation but a little coarse and scanty grass, and a few bent and stunted pines. But in this part of Long Island the land was very productive, and in good cultivation; and the trees numerous, tall, and of such varieties as denoted a fertile soil. At length they were apprised of the vicinity of the ocean by the appearance of a distant vessel, beyond an opening in the

woods; and soon a mast, a sail, and a flag, glancing behind the trees, were objects of frequent recurrence. Still the vegetation continued fine, and the ground level, with not a stone to be seen; and Mr. Dimsdale facetiously informed Althea that the place was called Rockaway because all the rocks were away from it.

The twilight was now gathering round them; the sea-air blew fresh and chilly, and the ladies drew down their veils, and wrapped their shawls more closely. The lights in the returning fishing-boats gleamed upon the dark expanse of the ocean, and the roar of the surf was distinctly heard. They passed a few small white houses, whose windows were bright with their cheerful evening fires: and in a few minutes our heroine and her friends arrived at the lofty portico of the Marine Hotel, where Lansing and Selfridge were waiting to receive them.

## CHAPTER IV.

MR. DIMSDALE had written for accommodations, and the ladies were met in the hall by a chambermaid, who immediately conducted them to their rooms. After they had taken off their bonnets and arranged their hair, they descended to the tea-table which had been set for their party at one end of the refectory—the general tea being over long before their arrival.

The gentlemen joined them; and conversation was proceeding very gaily when they were interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Conroy, the sister of Mrs. Dimsdale. This lady, with her husband and daughters, had been already more than a fortnight at Rockaway—Mr. Conroy going backwards and forwards according as business required his presence in the city.

Althea, notwithstanding her acquaintance with the Dimsdale family, had hitherto seen but little of the Conroys, who lived in a distant part of the town and visited in a different circle. Though nearly related, and always on amicable terms, the habits

and dispositions of the two families were so different that there was no great intimacy between them—the Dimsdales being plain, unpretending people, and the Conroys—but we will let them speak for themselves.

“I have but this moment heard of your arrival, sister Dimsdale—I left the company in the saloon, and came to you immediately,”—said Mrs. Conroy taking a seat near the table, and accepting an invitation to join them in their tea.

“How are the girls?”—inquired Mrs. Dimsdale.

“Perfectly well,”—replied Mrs. Conroy—“and so extremely delighted with Rockaway that there is no getting them away from it—which, however, is not to be wondered at—for to tell the truth they are excessively admired here.—Between ourselves, the Miss Conroys are considered the belles of the place.—Of course, I would not say this to every one, but you know very well that my daughters have always been rather celebrated, though their styles are so different; and it must be confessed that the dignified softness of Abby Louisa and the piquant vivacity of Phebe Maria are too strikingly contrasted not to produce effect. They have just returned from an evening walk on the beach with some others of the young people; and Abby Louisa having been inadvertently led by Mr. Draglington rather too near the surf, (quite into it, I believe,)

has got her dress sadly splashed, and has gone up stairs to change it. And I left Phebe Maria in the saloon, so surrounded with beaux that I could not get at her to apprise her of your arrival. I know one ought not to tell these things of one's own daughters; but, suppress it as we may, maternal affection *will* peep out—and for my part, I cannot be otherwise than natural.”

Politeness restrained the young gentlemen from exchanging looks at this assertion of one of the most artificial women they had ever met with, but who fortunately had not depth enough to be dangerous. Being the sister of his uncle's wife, to Lansing Mrs. Conroy was no stranger, but to Selfridge who had only seen her at Rockaway, she was both new and amusing. From Lansing he had heard the origin of the incongruous double names that distinguished her daughters. They were called Abigail and Phebe after two rich old aunts of Mrs. Conroy, who considered herself their favorite niece, and who expected from them a large legacy for each of her daughters. Aunt Abby died when the children were eight and nine years old, leaving her whole fortune without reservation to her sister.—Aunt Phebe soon after was married by a young spendthrift of twenty-two, on condition that she made over to him all her property.

These two successive disappointments were

severely felt by Mrs. Conroy; and, justly incensed at having given her children old-fashioned names for nothing, she added to them the more genteel appellations of Louisa and Maria. Mr. Conroy was a man of business, and little else; allowing his wife sovereign sway over the family and all other concerns, except those of the counting house.

“This is our first visit to Rockaway since the erection of the new hotel,”—said Mr. Dimsdale—“but with accommodations very inferior to the present we have formerly found it a pleasant place, and no doubt we shall enjoy it exceedingly.”

“Of course you will,”—replied Mrs. Conroy;—“there is a great deal of genteel company here; and I have not seen better dressing at any watering place. We have now at Rockaway a large proportion of the people one meets in society: with, to be sure, some sprinkling of persons whom nobody knows—but that is the usual alloy to all places of public resort, as unfortunately in our republican country those that have money to pay their way, can gain admittance any where. But I assure you our saloon has been extremely brilliant.—We have had three judges—one bishop—two ex-governors—five members of congress—one captain in the navy—two colonels in the army—fourteen lawyers—and merchants ‘too tedious to



mention.' And then there is the new English traveller."

"I did not know there was a new one,"—remarked Mr. Dimsdale.

"Is it possible!—Why there has been nothing else talked of since the arrival of the last packet. But though you *do* live so out of the world (excuse my saying so) it is too strange that you should not have heard of Sir Tiddering Tattersall."

"That sounds like a thing of shreds and patches,"—observed Althea, aside to Selfridge, who had taken care to sit next to her.

"Miss Vernon,"—said Mrs. Conroy—overhearing her—"give me leave to inform you that Sir Tiddering Tattersall's clothes are always of regular make, and perfectly whole, and (whatever latitude he may indulge in among Americans) I have no doubt that in his own country he is always drest scrupulously according to the fashion, and that he has costumes for every possible occasion—as is the case with all English gentlemen—still more when they are noblemen."

"Pardon me, my dear Mrs. Conroy,"—said Lansing—"a baronet (if such is the rank of Sir Tiddering) is not exactly a nobleman—you forget that a baronetcy comes next to the peerage, but does not belong to it."

Mrs. Conroy did not forget, for she had never

remembered—being extremely ill-versed in the grades of European title; a species of ignorance very common among my countrywomen, notwithstanding their fondness for novels of fashionable life.

“I do not know that he is a baronet,”—resumed Mrs. Conroy—“he may be something of still higher rank—perhaps a knight—I am quite sure that knights have *Sir* before their names, for I have read of them when a girl.—He may be a Knight of the Garter.”

“Very probably,”—said Lansing—who thought that further argument might make “confusion worse confounded.”

“That he is a man of consequence there can be no doubt,”—pursued Mrs. Conroy.

“What is his business in America?” inquired Mr. Dimsdale.

“Do you suppose any body would be so rude as to ask him,” replied Mrs. Conroy.

“His ostensible business is to buy a trotting horse,”—said Lansing;—“his real one is probably to write a book.”

“Sir Tiddering Tattersall write a book!” said Selfridge, contemptuously.

“Why not?”—resumed Lansing;—“no doubt he could write as good a one as the renowned Frederick Fitzgerald de Roos—and could equally en-

lighten his compatriots on the ever obscure subject of society and manners in America—a country which they always seem to look at through a blanket.”

“Say rather a mist—or a veil,”—observed Selfridge; “either of which would be quite as Shakspearian—certainly more elegant—and perhaps more just.”

“No;”—replied Lansing; “I will persist in my blanket; for, homely as the image may be, it is not too strong to express the opaqueness of the unaccountable something that seems always to interpose between their perceptions of America and the truth.”

“It is a wilful obtuseness,”—said Mr. Dimsdale; “none are so blind as those that will not see.”

“I am very sure that Sir Tiddering Tattersall is no author,”—said Mrs. Conroy; “for he has a valet, and he brought with him a cart-load of baggage, and never gets up till noon, and it is evident that money is no object to him. He wanted a parlor to himself, and a dressing-room; but being unable to obtain them, and equally unable to conform to what he justly calls the barbarous hours of the hotel, he pays extra for having his dinner alone in his own chamber at eight o’clock.”

“I suppose, then,”—said Mr. Dimsdale—“he is

now luxuriating in the enjoyment of his solitary meal."

"Exactly so"—replied Mrs. Conroy; "let me see, (looking at her watch) he must be just now engaged in taking his wine."

"Quite likely,"—said Lansing, as he rose from the table, which the party, having concluded their repast, were now quitting.

Between Lansing and Mrs. Conroy there had always been a sort of disinclination to like each other—and though she was the sister of his uncle's wife, neither of them ever acknowledged the least approach to anything like auntship or nephewship. Still she was in the main very unwilling to quarrel with him, prudently judging that when a woman has daughters to marry, she should contrive to keep on good terms with all manner of men; as there is no telling what may happen, or which may eventually be found *le plus bon parti*.

A council was now held as to the most eligible mode of finishing the evening, which was already far advanced. It was debated whether the ladies should prepare for going into the saloon, or whether they should take a walk on the beach, the night being moonlight. To the surprise of Selfridge, Althea Vernon, though she had expressed an impatient desire for a near view of the ocean, was now evidently in favor of their *debut* in the

drawing-room. But Mrs. Conroy feeling some apprehension lest the beauty of Miss Vernon should eclipse that of her own daughters (notwithstanding their styles were so happily contrasted) adroitly assured the young ladies that they could not possibly appear in the saloon without making such an entire change in their dress as must occupy a very considerable time, and would over-fatigue them after a ride of twenty miles, and might cause them to look pale and haggard, "which you know,"—said she, "is not at all desirable." Also that their hair had been so blown about by the wind, that it would not be presentable till after a fresh pinning up. She ended by counselling them to repair immediately to bed.

This last advice, however, (which was delivered in an under tone) our young ladies were by no means inclined to follow; and even Mrs. Dimsdale declared her disinclination to retire so early. So it was decided that the juveniles, as Mr. Dimsdale called them, should take a walk on the strand, while Mrs. Dimsdale (for whom it was only necessary to change her cap and collar) accompanied her husband and Mrs. Conroy into the saloon

## CHAPTER V.

WHEN Althea and Julia had gone up stairs for their bonnets, and the two young gentlemen were promenading the portico while waiting for them; "I must confess," said Selfridge, "that I was disappointed at Miss Vernon's being so unsentimental or so unpoetical, or so unpictorial (I know not what to call it) as to evince a preference of the noise and glare of a crowded drawing-room to a walk on the margin of the Atlantic, and by moonlight too —"

"Now"—replied Lansing—"I think that preference perfectly natural to a very young and sprightly girl. Let me console you with the homely proverb that you must not expect to find old heads on young shoulders—an adage, I foresee, you will often have occasion to recollect in the course of your present *engouement*."

"But surely," said Selfridge, "youth is the age for romance and poetry, and it is then that our feelings are most vividly awake to the beauties and sublimities of nature.

"There I disagree with you," answered Lan-

sing; "It is after our taste is somewhat formed and has had time to improve and refine, that our imaginations, generally speaking, are most susceptible of the picturesque and the imposing. Children are rarely struck with fine natural scenery, and to coarse and uncultivated minds (whether of the vulgar little or the vulgar great) it seldom affords much pleasure. I do not believe that a Swiss peasant is aware of the magnificence of his glorious Alps. To him they are only high mountains: dangerous, slippery, and difficult to cultivate. Do you think when the Italian that grinds his hand-organ through the streets of New York, looks back to the land of his birth, that he grieves for the marble promontories, and flowery glades, and myrtle thickets, and clear blue waves of his Mediterranean home? No—his regrets are for objects more closely connected with himself, or for enjoyments in which mind has but little association. Nay—have you not heard of persons who living within ten miles of Niagara never visited the stupendous cataract until they found it had become a place of public resort. And even now how many go thither that are satisfied with a mere cursory glance, and leave it without retaining one additional idea of its wonders."

"But what is all this with reference to Miss Vernon," said Selfridge—"you cannot persuade me

that hers is a light and frivolous mind, when there is so much intelligence in her looks."

"She looks as I believe she is"—replied Lansing. "That Miss Vernon is a girl of quick capacity, I have not the slightest doubt, nor also that she has sense, imagination and feeling.—There now—you need not grasp my hand so delightedly. But remember our conclusion on the general inconsistency of human nature, and do not be surprised if this beautiful star that has just risen on your horizon should occasionally diverge from her orbit, and recreate herself with an erratic excursion into the fields of air. Also, if you intend commencing lover in earnest, you must conquer this habit of considering things too deeply.—But here come the ladies—I suppose I must kindly and unprofitably take charge of good little Julia, who is not only my own cousin, but more than suspected of having exchanged rings and lockets with a certain naval officer now cruising in the Pacific.—The poor dear girl is ashamed to acknowledge the interest she takes in the ocean and its appurtenances."

The alertness of Selfridge in offering his arm to Althea left indeed no choice to his friend, who followed him with Miss Dimsdale. They had walked but three or four yards on leaving the portico, when the tufts of grass became "few and far between," till they were reduced to a solitary blade here and



there, struggling with the deep and choaking sand, through which our little party proceeded; their feet sinking in at every step. But with the true American disposition to make light of petty inconveniences, they laughed gaily at the difficulty of their progress—though more than once the ladies stepped out of their shoes in lifting their feet. These sands, though now dry, were at high tide usually covered with water; and in a few minutes our little party reached a fine smooth beach sloping into the dark-rolling ocean.

It was one of those nights when

“The moon is in her summer glow  
But hoarse and high the breezes blow.”

She had climbed above a mass of dark vapors that curtained the east, and was touching with silver the edges of the flying clouds that were wafted across her face by the sea-wind as it swept over the heaving waves, ruffling their glittering heads into crests of foam.

“The art of man”—said Selfridge, “though it has drawn lightning from the clouds, and cut passages through mountains, levelled rocks, and converted forests into cities, can effect no change in the stern and unconquerable ocean. This surf, that throws its broad white ridge along the sandy beach, is roaring now as it has roared since the creation of

the world; and so will it continue, warring against the shore in restless and unending strife till time is lost in eternity."

He then, while they paced the shadowy strand in the moonlight, described with graphic eloquence some of the ocean scenery that he had witnessed in his voyage to India—particularly a tremendous tempest in the latitude of the Mauritius. And to Althea's eager inquiries if they saw the island of Paul and Virginia, he replied that they had discerned one of its headlands looming dimly through mist and storm.

There was a silence—and as Selfridge glanced at the expressive countenance of Althea and saw the tear-drops trembling on "the fringed curtains of her eyes," he felt that her thoughts were dwelling on St. Pierre's beautiful and affecting story. The young lover could scarcely refrain from, at that moment, making her an offer of his hand and heart. "She is all truth and nature"—thought he—"full of fancy and feeling, and too artless to be capable of concealing her emotions, or even her foibles—if indeed she has any."

The pause was first broken by Althea, who did not pursue the subject of the storm, but said with brightening eyes—"I know not a more striking description of moonlight on the sea-beach than that of Oberon, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, when

he is about to send Pack in search of the enchanted flower.—Has this charming scene never been transferred to canvass?”

“The immortal poet”—replied Selfridge—“has made it so beautiful and so vivid that he has left nothing for the genius of the painter. Many of the best artists have shrunk from the task of illustrating the finest and most popular passages of Shakspeare—fearing their inability to paint up to the picture he has presented in a few magic touches to the mind’s eye of his readers,

“The man who life with nature’s pencil drew,  
Exhausted worlds, and then imagined new”—

may well dispense with assistance from the material pallet and canvas.”

“To-night, however”—continued Selfridge, after a pause—“there are too many drifting clouds, and the wind is too high, and the water in too much agitation, to give me exactly the idea of the calm and lovely sea-side picture sketched by the fairy king.”

Selfridge then began to repeat the lines in question, and at those that depict “Flying between the cold moon and the earth, Cupid all armed,” Althea whose eyes were now involuntarily turned towards the wandering planet that shone down on her beautiful face, prompted him with a *naïveté* that he

found bewitching. And at the words "a sudden aim he took," the lover could not refrain from slightly pressing the hand that rested on his arm. Whether she perceived it or not I leave to the sagacity of my lady readers.

"Young as she is, how correct is her taste—how lively her perceptions of grace and beauty"—thought Selfridge, as they turned their steps to the hotel—it being near ten o'clock. When they passed the windows, and saw by the light of the chandelier suspended from the ceiling, the gay groups that promenaded the saloon, or chatted on the sofas around it, Althea exclaimed—

"What a bright and animated scene! Among the company, there may be (according to Mrs. Conroy) *some* people whom nobody knows—but the general effect is certainly that of fashion and elegance; I wish I had passed the evening in the saloon."

Selfridge felt again disappointed, and made no reply. "After all"—said he to Lansing, when they had conducted the young ladies to the staircase, and taken leave of them for the night—"I think I will profit by your advice, and know more of Miss Vernon before I carry my admiration of her too far."

"Then you have not yet proposed?"—said Lansing.

"Nonsense"—replied Selfridge—"do you take me

for the hero of a comedy, that falls in love at the first interview, offers himself at the second, and is married at the third?"

"Let us finish the evening in the saloon"—said Lansing. "Will you go in with me?"

"No"—answered Selfridge—"I am not in the vein for fashion and elegance. I will walk in the portico awhile.—The air is cool and refreshing."

"Cool, indeed!"—said Lansing—"with this brisk north-wester, that would have blown little Julia into the sea if I had not kept her steady. But I leave you to your meditations."

There would be too much sameness in saying that our heroine meditated also. We will only hint that she spent a remarkably long time in transferring some of the contents of her trunk to the shelves of the commode; and she must have been somewhat abstracted when on opening the embroidered handkerchief her perception of its beauties was rather less distinct than usual. In short, she "pottered and dawdled an immensity," and "put out things," and put them in again, till all was still throughout the hotel. Having extinguished her lamp, she sat down at the window to rest herself after her fatigue, and looked out at the strand and the ocean till

"The wan moon was setting behind the white wave."

It is not to be supposed that through the Vene-

tian shutters Miss Vernon could identify the figure of the solitary gentleman, who, till a late hour, continued to perambulate the portico, or that she observed the grace of his attitude, when at times he folded his arms, and stood leaning musingly against one of the pillars.

## CHAPTER VI.

THE sun shone brightly through her shutters before Althea awoke, and she found it too late to put in practice her intention of calling up Julia to accompany her in a ramble on the beach to see the first rays of morning burnish the ocean. She had just completed her toilet when Mrs. Dimsdale and Julia tapped at her door, and the breakfast bell not having yet sounded, they all three repaired to the little front drawing room that opens into the corridor or long passage at the head of the first staircase.

“And now, my dear Mrs. Dimsdale”—said Althea—“tell us what was seen, and said, and done, last evening in the saloon.”

“I saw many well-drest, fashionable, and agreeable looking people”—replied Mrs. Dimsdale—“and some few that were not so—and I met several of my friends from the city—Mr. Dimsdale, whose acquaintance among gentlemen is very extensive, was of course at no loss—I was introduced by my sister Conroy to several of her prime people, as she

calls them, and she took opportunities of giving me their histories. And I heard much conversation through the room about a young lady from Boston, who is daily expected in our city, and it is said, intends immediately visiting Rockaway"—

"Miss De Vincy, is it not?"—said Julia—"Templeton Lansing was speaking of her last evening as we walked on the beach. He says every one is preparing for a great sensation on her arrival."

"Yes—Miss De Vincy"—replied Mrs. Dimsdale—"report has described her as a first-rate woman. Having come into possession of an immense fortune at the age of twenty-one, she went to Europe with some of her relations, and has just returned after an absence of four years. The ladies are all impatient to see the beautiful dresses she has brought from Paris, and the gentlemen are equally anxious to hear her play and sing, and to dance with her, and (those that can) to talk to her in French and Italian and Spanish. She is said to be highly accomplished, and to have in every respect a mind of superior order."

"With so many advantages"—said Althea—"she must indeed be a delightful personage—I hope, Julia, that Miss De Vincy will arrive before our departure, that we may have an opportunity of seeing her across the room, and hearing the sound of her



voice at a distance, for I suppose that is the utmost we chits need expect."

"At least"—said Julia—"that privilege will be something—I think we shall find her like Ida of Athens, the beautiful and talented archondessa."

"My idea of Miss De Vincy"—said Althea—"is that of Armida, the heroine of the Milesian Chief."

"And I"—said Lansing, who had just joined them—"have a presentiment that she resembles Portia in the Merchant of Venice, as played and looked by Fanny Kemble; and she can be compared to nothing more charming."

The breakfast bell now rung—and Mrs. Conroy came sweeping along the corridor with an immensely fat, coarse, over-drest woman leaning familiarly on her arm. She was followed by her two daughters in very *recherché* morning dresses; Phebe Maria gallanted by a foppish, ungentle, young man, and Abby Louisa escorted by Selfridge, whom the Conroys had chanced to meet on his way from his own apartment and to whom the all-seizing mother had consequently delegated the office of conducting her eldest hope to the refectory—Selfridge, whose countenance was always too eloquent, looked annoyed as he bowed to Miss Vernon in passing. Lansing who guessed in a moment how, and by

whom the arrangement had been made, could not forbear smiling as he offered his arm to Althea, who smiled also at the triumphant glance and the slight wave of recognition that was bestowed on her by the soft and gentle Miss Conroy, whom with her sister she had met once or twice at Mrs. Dimsdale's.

"Do you know the old lady and the young gentleman that are with Mrs. Conroy and Miss Phebe Maria"—said Althea in a low voice to Lansing: Mr. Dimsdale with his wife and daughter being somewhat in advance.

"They arrived the day before yesterday"—replied Lansing—"Their name is Vandunder. They come from Schoppenburgh, one of the towns back of the Hudson (I forget on which side) where the father made a large fortune by keeping a store, and by marrying the only daughter of a very rich farmer who was or had been land-owner of the whole settlement, and also by giving nothing to any body out of his own family, and as little as possible to those in it. Old Vandunder died a year or two ago, since which his wife and son and daughter have all come out, and are now taking their pleasure at Rockaway. Mrs. Conroy, who always adds to her bow every string she can pick up, (whether a silken cord or a bit of twine,) is evidently desirous of promoting a match between one of her daughters

and the young patroon of Schoppenburgh, as she calls him, and she therefore subjects herself to the mortification of chaperoning the whole family. The life of a scheming mamma must be a perpetual martyrdom."

"Not more so than that of the daughters whom she schemes for"—observed Althea.

During breakfast Lansing and Althea were tacitly amused with the uncomfortable look of Selfridge, whom Abby Louisa had contrived to detain at her side, and on whom she was lavishing her softest smiles and the most amiable attentions at table. Phebe Maria (who sat opposite to her sister) kept up what she considered a lively flirtation with the patroon of Schoppenburgh, who esteemed himself a wit, and at whose sallies the young lady had been instructed to laugh exceedingly. He was a foolish monkey-faced youth with immense fawn-colored whiskers meeting under his chin, and long lank side locks from which the sea air had taken out all the curl. His dress was in the very extreme of what he believed to be the fashion; and he always followed each witticism with a twitch of his eye and a significant jerk of his head, as much as to say "Do you take?" His conversation was interlarded with scraps of French which he mis-pronounced, and of Latin which he misunderstood, and his English was incorrect and ungenteel.

"Allow me"—said he—"Miss Phebe Maria, to assist you to a piece of this here split crow," (pointing to a broiled chicken,) "Do you walk, or fly?" (Phebe looked puzzled,) "I mean, which will you have a walker or a flyer?" (Phebe now laughed.) "For my part I'm a great hand at flying. But there's no arguing about tastes—*Chackun a son goust*, you know—*Pardonnez moy* my talking French—But really since it has been a *fashion to parley*, it comes so natural to me, and slips off my tongue with such *song froyd* that I am apt to be quite inconsiderate of them that don't speak it."

"Pray sir"—said Phebe, with some asperity—"what puts it into your head that I do not speak French; I can assure you I learned it seventeen quarters at Madame Gardefolle's, and of course I *must* understand it."

"To be sure you must"—replied Vandunder, in a tone of conciliation—"It was only a small *jew de sprit* of mine."

"Are you talking French, Billy?"—said his mother, who sat next to him on the other side.

"Madam I am"—replied Billy.

"That's right"—said his mother—"you know your French master ordered you to *practize* whenever you had a chance"—and then leaning over to Phebe, she continued, "I assure you, Miss, my son

is a great languager. He's classical too, and can talk Latin. Billy, say some Latin to Miss Phebe Maria."

"*Latitat*"—said Billy—" *Liber primus—Gradus ad Parnassum.*"

Our readers will find that in Billy Vandunder's Latin, trite as it was, he went entirely by sound; the sense having seldom any real affinity with the subject in question. As to his French, he always pronounced it in English. He then whispered to Phebe—"Between you and me and the post, the old lady's a small bit of a twaddle."

Phebe Maria's giggle was rather too audible. "What's the fun?"—said Mrs. Vandunder—"Some good joke, I suppose of Billy's—young ladies, Billy's a great joker."

"My jokes always hit the right nail on the head, don't they mar' "—pursued the hopeful son.

"Most always"—said the unconscious old lady. Phebe Maria now laughed till her mother frowned.

In the meantime nothing but the habitual politeness of Selfridge could have enabled him to endure with patience the die-away looks, complimentary insinuations, and persecuting assiduities of Abby Louisa. Therefore, he was very glad when the repast (which had seemed to him interminable) drew towards its close.

“Well”—observed Mrs. Vandunder—“if every body’s had enough, I don’t see no use in setting here for nothing, so let’s all get up, forthwith.”

“*Risum teneatis*”—said Billy, pushing back his chair—and thinking he had made a most appropriate quotation he looked over to Lansing for applause, and found him already subscribing to the *real* meaning of the words.

As they quitted the table the patroon of Schopenburgh touched Lansing on the shoulder, and whispered to him familiarly—“I say, Lansing, introduce me to that there pretty girl which sat beside you—she’s really the beauty of Rockaway—quite a *prima facie*—*enter nowse*, the Miss Conroys ain’t fit to hold a candle to her.”

Lansing looked at Althea, who having overheard the whisper, replied by a smile of assent, and the introduction took place, much to the discomfiture of Mrs. Conroy, who now regarded our heroine as a decided rival to her daughters, and a thorn in their path to preferment.

After leaving the refectory, a large proportion of the company assembled in the saloon; the young people to promenade round, and the matrons to sit at the windows or on the sofas, some talking, and some saying nothing. The husbands and fathers sat about the piazza with the newspapers.

Abby Louisa was just directing a look of invita-

tion to Selfridge, and preparing to engage him as her partner in the promenade, when Lansing kindly stepped forward, and relieved his friend by offering his own arm to the young lady, to whom no handsome man ever came amiss. Selfridge delighted with his escape, looked round in search of Althea, but was vexed and disappointed to find her already in the midst of the procession and leaning on the arm of Billy Vandunder, whose fooleries she was requiting with some of her brightest smiles.

“What a riddle is this girl!”—thought Selfridge—“I do not think I shall take a solitary walk in the portico to-night—she seems quite as well pleased to listen to the stupid nonsense of that ugly idiot as she was last evening with our moonlight ramble and poetical conversation.”

He then invited Miss Dimsdale to make the tour of the saloon with him, but she replied that she would rather sit still and look on—Selfridge afraid that he might be drawn into a promenade with Phebe Maria (who was seated next to Julia) went out into the piazza, and having resolved on total indifference to Miss Vernon, he was persuaded to join some of the young men on a deep-sea fishing excursion which they had planned the evening before—Lansing who had previously made arrangements to be of the same party, now looked at his

watch, and then excusing himself to Abby Louisa, led her to a seat, and departed.

Althea, who was heartily tired of her beau, informed him that she was tired of promenading. The gentlemen (who were not very numerous, many of them having gone to the city early in the morning) began to disperse, and the ladies soon retired also, many of them to their forenoon *siestas*. Among these were Mrs. Conroy and her daughters, it being the judicious mother's opinion that nothing but filling up all the intervals with sleep could enable any real ladies to stand the wear and tear of a watering place without looking the worse for it.

"And I"—said Mrs. Vandunder, as they reached the corridor—"will go and look after Wilhelminar—you have not seen my daughter yet, Mrs. Dimsdale—I named her Wilhelminar because her brother's name was Wilhelm—"

"Is there not some inconvenience in the similarity of the names?"—enquired Mrs. Dimsdale.

"Oh! not the least—we call her Willy and him Billy—and nothing can be easier said—I'm agoing to see if they've sent her up a good breakfast—for yesterday, she told me, they did not give her half enough of sassage, and quite too little butter."

"Does Miss Vandunder never come down to breakfast?" asked Mrs. Dimsdale.

"Oh! never—she had to rise so early at Mrs.



Shacklewell's boarding-school to *practize* her pyano in a cold parlor by candle-light, that ever since she won't get up till ten o'clock, and always has her breakfast in bed. And she likes plenty of good things, to make up for the five quarters of bad eating she had at Mrs. Shacklewell's.—Them boarding schools is awful places—to be sure here at this hotel (which is a great shame) they charge for every meal that's eat away from the table. But, however, it won't break full-handed people that's got above the world; and, to my thinking, all them that ain't, had better stay away from sea-shores and watering places."

She then entered her daughter's apartment, and was saluted with a whinnying half-crying voice which sounded to those outside like tones of childish complaint.

"Mrs. Vandunder and her family are not without their peculiarities"—said Mrs. Conroy to her sister, apoloisingly—"But they all have most excellent hearts, and are highly respectable, and naturally very desirous of being in society—so in our republican country one should not be too fastidious, but remember what our grandfathers were—as Mr. Dimsdale justly says."

## CHAPTER VII.

THE day being unusually cool for the season, and the glare of the sunbeams veiled by the frequent succession of passing wind-clouds, Althea proposed to Julia that they should take a stroll on the beach. Julia gladly assented saying—"As the gentlemen are all away, and the fashionable ladies retired to their rooms, we can enjoy our ramble free and unconstrained."

When they came out into the portico, equipped for their walk, they saw already on the beach a number of children of all sizes, but with them only one lady, whom, on reaching the place, they found surrounded by a group of little girls watching with much interest, the progress of the waves as they rolled in to the shore.

The lady was very plainly dressed; her face was concealed by a cottage bonnet and a green veil, and her figure by a large shawl. She seemed to enter *con amore* into the amusement of the children.

"Now," said she to the little girls, "let us each

choose our own wave, and see which will make the finest burst of foam when it breaks. That little one in the middle is *my* pet.”—“And that very large one shall be mine,” said one of the children.—“And that other large one mine,” said another; “I like every thing large.”—“There is a still higher wave coming for me,” said a third.—“And that mammoth one is my choice,” exclaimed a fourth.

There were shouts of delight as the favorite billows rose higher and higher, till, bursting at their ridgy tops, the white foam poured like a minor cataract down their green transparent sides.

“Ah!” said the lady, “my little wave, like many little people that rise from a small beginning, is steadily increasing in size and consequence. See, now, how it mounts above its companions;—here it comes! What an immense burst of foam;—like a young Niagara. And what a cloud of spray flies round, as it dashes against the shore, dilating itself far and wide into bubbles of froth.”

“After all,” said one of the little ones, clapping her hands exultingly, “my wave has left the greatest number of crabs behind it. See how many it has thrown out on the sands!”

“Poor little black things,” said another of the children; “there they are—all lying upon their backs, tumbled head over heels. I am sorry to see

them sprawling and struggling, and looking so frightened. I hope the next wave will wash them all back again into the sea."

"Let us poke them into the water with these bits of stick," said a third little girl—"the boys are coming this way with their baskets, which I dare say are nearly filled. We will not let them get these also."

In the mean time the lady had taken up a crab in her hand, and after making to the children some remarks on its conformation, and inducing one of them to handle it, (though the timid little girl had at first declared that it seemed to her like a monstrous black spider) the animal was returned to its favorite element. The lady then assisted her young companions in searching for shells and sea-weed.

Althea and Julia passed on, and found a number of boys dispersed about the beach, apparently the children of families staying at the Marine Hotel. Most of them were, very properly, arrayed in brown holland frocks girt with broad leathern belts, and their large straw hats were secured by strings tied under their chins. There were two or three in fine cloth tunics braided and frogged, and elegant tasselled caps which they carefully and uncomfortably held fast on their heads with both hands, amid the sarcastic jokes of their uncon-

strained and conveniently-dressed companions. Some of the boys were catching crabs, others were collecting large mussel shells, and admiring the brightness of their rainbow colors; some were watching the low and rapid flight of the petrels dipping their pinions into the brine; while others were speculating round a piece of timber thrown on shore by the waves. It was evidently the fragment of a wreck; some vestiges of cabin windows being yet apparent, draped with masses of tangled and dripping sea weed. Of the letters painted on the stern, a few could yet be discerned; but so broken and defaced, and with such chasms between, that nothing could be made out intelligible of either name or place. The sight of this melancholy relic of what had once been a vessel threw Julia into a fit of musing on the dangers to which her lover was exposed. Althea mused also, but it was on the vastness of the mighty Atlantic, and on the glories of the European world that lay beyond it.

After extending their ramble round the eastern point of the beach, the two friends turned their steps homeward, and found, as they came back, the same little party of young females. The lady, with her veil thrown aside, and her shawl hanging on her arm, was singing, like another Ariel, accompanied by several of the girls, who were dancing at the same time—

Come unto these yellow sands,  
And then take hands:  
Curtsied when you have, and kiss'd  
(The wild waves whist.)

All which directions were gaily obeyed by the young sea-nymphs.

"That charming song!" said Althea to Julia—"even in reading the words, 'the sound is an echo to the sense.' And then it has been so beautifully set, and the air is so sweetly appropriate. Often as I hear it, I wish indeed to be a sea-nymph, and to sing and dance to it for ever."

"Will you join us now," said the lady, "and 'foot it feately here and there,' among our imitation nereids?"

Julia, at first, timidly drew back, but in another moment followed the example of Althea, who had taken, at once, the offered hand of their invitress. Two lively girls received them with a curtesy and a kiss, and they danced with an animation and a vividness of enjoyment seldom known in the ball-rooms of the present day.

It was not till they all stopped to take breath, that Althea found herself at leisure to look at the lady, who did not herself join in the dance, but stood by singing the air delightfully, and now and then directing the movements of her young companions by a graceful gesture of her hand.

At this moment a shout from the boys of "Ships, ships," drew all eyes towards the sea; and they beheld two gallant vessels, their sails set to a fair wind, and their heads directed towards Europe. They were two of the New York packets going to sea on their appointed day, one for France, and one for England. The boys, of course, knew the names of both, and, far off as the vessels were, saluted them with three loud huzzas; a ceremony that boys never omit an opportunity of performing.

"Oh!" said Althea, "how I envy the passengers in those ships!"

"I do not," replied Julia, in a low voice; "for they have just had the pain of parting with their friends, and they know what sad hearts they have left behind them, and what a tedious time must elapse before those that they love can be apprized of their safety. Oh! that long, dreary, anxious two months, which must always intervene between a departure for Europe and the arrival in America of the first letters!"

"And now," said the lady, "I think we had best turn our steps homeward, or hotel-ward, rather. Our attention has been so much engaged that we have not observed the rapid progress of the tide, which is coming in so fast, that in a few minutes our late dancing ground will be a sheet of surf. I must

assemble my little friends, for I see they are scattered all over the beach."

Then, calling by name to two pretty little girls and a fine little boy, who all addressed her as "Cousin Milly," she desired them to collect their companions immediately, as the sands would soon be covered with water. Our heroine reminded her companion of the perilous situation of Sir Arthur and Isabella when overtaken by the tide in their walk home from their visit to the Antiquary.

While the lady was marshalling her little regiment, Althea and Julia took their leave, and proceeded towards the hotel, regretting to each other that *bienveillance* forbade them to presume farther upon an acquaintance so slight and accidental.

"I never in my life," said Althea, "felt so great a disposition to cultivate an intimacy with an entire stranger. I should like to do all in my power to render her situation tolerable."

"Why, what do you suppose her situation to be?" asked Julia, smiling at the energetic imagination of her friend, which was always prone to create a romance, or a picture, or a drama out of every thing.

"I fear, replied Althea, "this young lady is one of those unfortunate beings designated as poor relations; and, as such, sustains the united offices of



companion, governess, and nursery-maid to those children that call her cousin."

"Still," observed Julia, "she does not look at all unhappy. On the contrary, she seems full of life and gaiety, and was very much at her ease with you and I."

"Glad, no doubt," said Althea, "to escape a little while from the bondage of toad-eating. (By the by, how I hate that vile word!) However, I am happy to see that they do not allow her to go about in the mean attire that generally falls to the lot of humble cousins."

"I should not suppose her to be *very* humble," pursued Julia, "but her dress, I think, *is* plain."

"True," resumed Althea; "yet her bonnet, though entirely without a bow, and having no more ribbon than that which crosses the front and forms the strings, is of very fine straw; her collar is of real cambric, edged with thread lace; her gown is cachemere, of the best quality; and as to her tartan shawl, you know every body has one now, for convenience; and the sea-air this morning may certainly be called bracing. I think it probable she has another shawl."

"No doubt she has," said Julia, "for warmer weather and greater occasions. Did you see this young lady at breakfast?"

"No," replied Althea, "though she might have

been there, notwithstanding, at a distant part of the table. Or perhaps she breakfasted with the children in *their* eating-room, which you know, at this hotel, is separate from that of the grown persons. Poor thing! I pity her, and should like to seek her farther acquaintance; as I suppose nobody here will notice her at all. Or if they do, it will be with that air of condescending graciousness which is often more insupportable than downright insolence. I can just imagine her history.—How many such I have read!”

“If you had not,” said Julia, smiling, “the case you had so readily made out for this stranger lady would never, perhaps, have entered your head.”

“See,” observed Althea, looking round, “she has brought all the children away from the beach, and some of them are playing about in the vicinity of the house, while others seem to be accompanying the lady and her young cousins on a land-ward ramble. She is, evidently, quite *au-fait* to the care of children, and knows well how to keep them amused; having, doubtless, served a long apprenticeship to the business.”

## CHAPTER VIII.

As our two young ladies approached the portico, they found lounging there, on several chairs, the patroon of Schoppenburgh, accompanied by a very ill-dressed man, in gray speckled cotton stockings; thick clumsy shoes, buckled on his ankles; checkered pantaloons, of surpassing coarseness; and the shortest possible frock coat, closely buttoned; a party-colored handkerchief round his neck, with not an atom of shirt-collar visible above it, (a fashion which would give a look of vulgarity to even a complete gentleman, if such a one could be induced to adopt it,) and a remarkably ugly white hat. Nearly his whole face was coated with a growth of coarse bristly hair, of a brindle color; his whiskers, mustacheos and beard all uniting *en masse*. On seeing the ladies, he strolled to the far end of the piazza.

"Who is that disgusting man?" inquired Althea of Billy Vandunder, as he rose to offer some of his chairs to herself and Miss Dimsdale.

"*De gustibus* without any *disputandum*," re-

plied Billy, "you may well say that. Between you and me and the post, I'm of your opinion, as far as looks goes. But that's the great Englishman, Sir Tiddering Tattersall, who has come over in something they call a *yatchet*, to buy a trotting horse; having seen our famous Tom Thumb that was taken to England. Him and I have had a great deal of talk about horses. He has told me all about the great race between Skim-milk and Pipkin; and of another, where Cat-lap came in just half a nose before Brown Stout. That was touch and go, wasn't it? Shan't I introduce you and Miss Julia? It's fashionable to know Sir Tiddering Tattersall—high *bonn tonn* and *alley-mode*—Him and I are as thick as two pickpockets. Didn't you see him spying at your faces with his double eye-glass, as you came up from the shore? He said you were nice girls; and you know, from an Englishman, that's a great deal. Now, really, Miss Vernon, I must introduce you if it's only to spite the Conroys. You'll see how their backs will be up. Never mind his dress. You know foreigners, when they come to America, are often *in forma pauperis*."

We will not investigate the motives of our heroine in allowing this introduction to take place; and Julia Dimsdale, as usual, timidly followed the lead of her friend.

"Chauming weather, madam," replied Sir Tiddering, "though I suppose you Yankees consider it monstrous cool for the season."

"Allow me to put you right," said Vandunder, "these ladies ain't Yankees, sir, nor I ain't neither. We're all clear New York."

"Excuse me, Mr. Vandundrum," said Sir Tiddering, contemptuously, "the best informed people in England call all Americans Yankees."

"More shame for 'em," said the patroon. "Suppose we was to call all English Cockneys, would not that be *versy vicy*, and tit for tat?"

Sir Tiddering replied only with a supercilious stare, which, reminding poor Billy that his opponent was a man with a title, caused him to check his ebullition of sectional prejudice—a prejudice which, to our great misfortune, is cherished too strongly, and manifested too absurdly by much wiser Americans than the patroon of Schoppenburgh.

"You've a vaust deal of saund here, madam," said Sir Tiddering to Miss Vernon, who had been highly diverted with the recent controversy, "more saund than rocks. I understaund that this Rockaway place is in the state of Long Island."

Billy Vandunder half tittered at the word "state."

"No," replied Althea, "Long island is not itself a state. It is part of the state of New York."

"I think I have heard of *Rhode* Island too," pursued Sir Tiddering, "or are Long Island and Rhode Island the same?"

"Ho! ho! ho!" laughed Billy outright—but stopped short, recollecting himself.

"It can be of no importance," said the impenetrable Englishman, "whether the place is one or two. But pray, Mr. Vanblunder, in what state then *is* Rhode Island?"\*

"In its own state," answered Billy, thinking he might now indulge in a laugh at his own wit, of which, however, the point was not likely to reach the Englishman.

"Your sea, madam," said Sir Tiddering, addressing himself to Miss Vernon, "is quite on too large a scale; it struck me so all the time I was crossing it. And so are your rivers, and lakes, and all that sort of thing—monstrous tiresome, I assure you."

\* In a splendid atlas, published a few years since in London and Edinburgh, the writer has seen a map of the United States, in which Indiana is located between Virginia and Kentucky; and *Franklinia*, a new state, (of whose existence we Americans are not yet aware) divides Tennessee from North Carolina. When a map of America is in preparation by British publishers, would it not be well for them to take an American map as a model?

"Have you been up the Hudson yet," asked Althea.

"No, madam. I understaund that to be one of your show-rivers—something in the style of the Rhine. I did the Rhine one summer, and found it a monstrous bore. When we were nearing Ehrenbreitstein, and Drachenfels, and all that sort of thing, I made a point of going down into the cabin that I might not see the artists sketching, and hear the people raving. As to the Hudson and the Nauth River, I don't intend to do either of them, because they are in every body's mouth, and I hear so much boasting about their scenery. Now I've come to a free country, (as you call it,) I'm determined not to tie myself up to any rule, but to do just as I please."

"What!" exclaimed Vandunder, "will you go back to England without seeing Catskill! I was up there once in a thunder-gust, and it was fine to see how the lightning operated upon the mountains."

"Catskill!" cried Sir Tiddering, "Ah! that's another place I've resolved not to see, for the same reason. I knew it was Catskill, or Fishkill, or Schuylkill or some such baubarous name that so many of your people have been boring me with. I got enough of rocks and mountains and all that,

when I was doing our own lakes. Nice things they were though, till I broke my Claude Lorraine glass, and then I left off looking at them. Saddle-back is sweet, and so is Helvellyn. I saw some queer looking men sitting about on the crags, and suppose they were the lake-poets; Southey and Wordsworth and all that sort of thing."

Althea caught herself softly repeating, from Scott's beautiful little poem,

"I climbed the dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn,  
Lakes and mountains beneath me gleamed misty and wide."—

The two young ladies (who had not availed themselves of the offered chairs) now took their leave, and the patroon of Schoppenburgh gallanted them into the hall, from whence they proceeded up stairs to rest awhile, previous to dressing for dinner.

"Those two worthies in the piazza," said Althea, "are both well mated and well contrasted. They are fit companions; though not alike in any thing but absurdity."

"But why," inquired Julia, "does Sir Tiddering Tattersall go about in that slovenly and unbecoming attire?"

"I know not," replied Althea, "except that (as he just notified us) it is his intention to do whatever he pleases. Probably he may not please to appear as a gentleman while in America, though



obliged to do so in his own country. Or, like Cherubina's lover, Lord Altamont Montmorency, he may have made a vow to be vulgar for one year. But, seriously, I have heard of English people (women as well as men) who, during their visit to America, have indulged in a slovenliness of dress and manner that, in their own country, would have excluded them from respectable society; implying all the time that any thing was good enough for the Yankees."

Just then, Mrs. Conroy, in her wrapper, opened her door, which was near the head of the long passage, and, first looking up and down to see if any gentlemen were in view, she beckoned to the young ladies, and said *to* Julia, but *at* Althea—

"Julia Dimsdale, as your own aunt, and the sister of your mother, I consider it my duty to let you know, that I saw you from my window flirting with two gentlemen, openly, in the public portico of this hotel; which conduct is highly improper at an hour like this, when there can be no lady present to matronize you."

"Indeed, aunt Conroy," replied Julia, "I did not say a word to either of the gentlemen."

"But I did," said Althea—"I am the delinquent, and the only one, for Julia Dimsdale neither joined in the conversation, nor was willing to be introduced to Sir Tiddering. And allow me to say,

madam, that both of them are gentlemen to whose acquaintance neither yourself nor the Miss Conroys seem to have had any objection. But if I have done wrong I am sincerely sorry."

"What is perfectly proper for the Miss Conroys," said their mother, "may be highly improper for Miss Vernon and Miss Dimsdale. But there is a fitness in things, a natural distinction, a knowledge of observances, a certain tact, without which there is a degree of impropriety—you understand me, Miss Vernon."

Miss Vernon did not, or would not understand her at all, and made no reply. The two young ladies then retired, in silence, to their respective apartments; poor Julia with tears in her eyes, and Althea with a glow on her cheek, and a half smile on her lip, trying to suppress a perverse inclination to flirt in reality with either or both of these delectable beaux, for the purpose of teasing Mrs. Conroy.

## CHAPTER IX.

THE company were all assembling in the saloon to await the summons of the dinner-bell, except Lansing, Selfridge, and the other gentlemen that had gone on the fishing excursion. Sir Tiddering Tattersall was there, whispering in a corner to Billy Vandunder, and putting up his double eye-glass at every body that entered. The patroon of Schoppenburgh did not take kindly to this incessant whispering of his companion (having sense enough to know that it was a violation of good manners) and was visibly annoyed at the sundry jogs, pokes, and treadings on toe with which it was seasoned; yet he could not resist his desire that every one should see how familiar he was with Sir Tiddering Tattersall. The Miss Conroys sat opposite; looking as if they thought it a pity two such delectable beaux should be wasted on each other. Several gentlemen known to Mr. Dimsdale, (among them a handsome young French merchant) requested an introduction to the ladies of his party.

Mrs. Conroy, inwardly fretting and outwardly

smiling, sat between Mrs. and Miss Vandunder; the latter being absurdly and profusely over-dressed, as is often the case with provincial belles. In truth, the real reason of her only appearing at dinner and in the evening, was because Miss Wilhelmina suffered so much when in full costume that she was glad to relieve herself by getting it off whenever she could; happy to indulge in the delights of a loose wrapper, and slip-shod feet.

"Who is that girl," said Sir Tiddering to Billy, "that has laced her body-clothes so tight she has to hold her mouth open to get her breath?"

"I see a great many girls with their mouths open," said Billy, "they're almost all talking."

"No," pursued Sir Tiddering, "this one is sitting as mute as a fish, and looks as if she was not up to talk. I mean she with the monstrous bunch of hair at the back of her head, sticking out like a horse-tail, now the daump has taken out all the curl."

"I see several with them horse-tails," said Billy.

"Pshaw—This one's hair is tied so tight that it has drawn her eye-brows up to a point, and stretched her eyes wide open as well as her mouth."

"All the ladies seem to have their eyes wide open," said Billy.

"Pho—I tell you this is quite a caricature of a woman. How queer she would look going through her paces. I should like to see her trot off, for she

has forced her feet into a pair of slippers which pinch her so that her insteps are swelled out over them *à la pincushion*."

"That's nothing now for girl's feet," observed Billy.

"There, that's she, just opposite," proceeded Sir Tiddering, "she is just now reining in her head. She, with her sleeve-holes almost down at her elbows, skewering her arms to her sides like the wings of a trussed fowl. That girl in the party-colored, large-figured dress that looks like curtain stuff."

"A good many of the ladies have big figur'd dresses, that look like curtain stuff," remarked Billy, trying to put off the moment of acknowledgment.

"What a sap you are," said Sir Tiddering. "She, I tell you, with the queer-colored cameo brooch, that looks as if it were made of bees-wax or yellow soap."

"Oh! that," replied Billy, "that's Miss Wilhelmina Vandunder of Schoppenburgh. Between you and me and the post, it's my own sister that you've been pulling to pieces all this time."

"Your sister, is it?" said Sir Tiddering. "Whew! I'm in a pretty mess now, I suppose."

"No," said Billy, "I'll take it as a joke."

"Well then, introduce me, and I'll help you to quiz her."

"Quiz my sister! What! not to her face. Well, that's rather of the ratherest. No, no, I can't go that."

"What a green-horn you are," proceeded Sir Tiddering; "I always found it capital fun to quiz my sisters. I have three or four, I believe, but I do not recollect seeing any of them these five years. I suppose they are somewhere. They seem to write now and then; but I've no time to read their letters."

"I don't believe you are in earnest," said Billy. "Have you got no family affection or brotherly love?"

"Pho—that's all gone by. If it were not, how could we exclusives get along! Did you know that I am an exclusive?"

"Exclusive of what?" said Billy.

"Why how mystified you look," laughed Sir Tiddering. "Exclusive of every thing I don't like, to be sure. But you Yankees make fools of your females. It is a monstrous bore when a man comes from England, to find himself obliged to make way and give up to them as you do; and to be expected to forego his own convenience for the benefit of

every thing, high or low, old or young, that happens to wear a petticoat."

"We are all brought up to it here in America," replied Billy, "so it don't go the least hard with us; and to them that has had no bringing up it comes natural. Now as to my mother and sister, though I see their quiddities plain enough, (for I'm uncommon discerning,) and laugh at them myself, sometimes, when I can't help it; yet, what I say is this, no man shall quiz them to their face while I am by. If a woman should laugh at them, they must take their own parts."

"Why, you're quite upon the high ropes," said Sir Tiddering.

"No I a'n't,"—said Billy,—“I'm only excited. That's my mother setting beside Mrs. Conroy."

"Yes, I know her, the stout person in the great cap—they are nice foils to each other; for Mrs. C., with worrying and fretting to get husbands for her silly daughters, has worn herself to a skeleton."

"*Summum bonum*," said Billy, "that's true enough."

"Well, they're not sharp enough to catch me, I promise them," pursued Sir Tiddering.

"Nor me," said Billy.

"My mind's made up," continued Sir Tiddering, "not to marry under fifty thousand in England; and

a Yankee woman will have to bid higher for me. What's the amount of the southern heiress that's expected from Boston next week? Boston is it, or Amboy?"

"Amboy!" exclaimed Billy, laughing, "what puts Amboy into your head!"

"Why, I don't know," replied Sir Tiddering, "I am sure you have such a place, for in one of our best novels\* there is an American, and a principal character too, that was a merchant in one of your cities called Amboy. I only read when I'm sick; but this Mr. Lewiston is a capital character, an American to the life. I think, if it's a place that's at all come-atable, I'll take a journey to Amboy."

"Do," said Billy, giggling, "it's very come-atable. I should like you to see Amboy."

"Well, as to this Boston heiress that they are all talking about; some rice-planter's daughter I suppose. What is it you call her?"

"Miss De Vincy."

"Yes, Miss De Vincy. You have all sorts of names here in America; French, Dutch, Italian, Scotch, Irish; and every one thinks it his duty to uphold some other nation beside his own. Now I suppose, for your part, you'd take it in dudgeon if I was to laugh at the Dutch."

\* Inheritance.



"To be sure I would," said Billy, ruffling up. "You'd better not do that, if you don't wish to excite me. Dutch is honorable in Schoppenburgh, and all over the state of New York. Ask Lansing; he has Dutch blood in him."

"And another of your states is Dutch too, is it not?" said Sir Tiddering. "I think I have heard, but I forget which—Massachusetts or Michigan, or some such name."

"I suppose you mean Pennsylvania," replied Billy, "but you are mistaken there, for the Pennsylvania Dutch are nothing but Germans. In Philadelphia, it is fashionable to be Spanish; but I expect there'll be a change soon, for that fashion's lasted a good while."

The dinner bell now rung, and the company prepared to obey its summons. "*Omnium gatherum*," said Billy, surveying the crowd as he conducted his mother and sister to the dining-room.

"Will you not dine with us to-day, for once, Sir Tiddering?" said Abby Louisa Conroy, looking sweetly back from the arm of an indigent lawyerling.

"Quite impossible," replied Sir Tiddering. "To dine by broad day-light is too baubarous. And I have ordered for my own table at seven, a consommé, a mauquereau, a blaunquette and bechamel, some rissoles, a tourte, and a timbaulte."

"Billy," said Mrs. Vandunder, aside to her son, as they were commencing their soup, "take an opportunity and try to get out of that there Englishman what them things is which he is going to make his dinner of to-night. They seem to have strange names."

"French, mar, French," said Billy.

"So I was thinking," resumed the old lady, "though I cannot well make out the difference between French and Latin. I have learnt some French dishes already, since I've been here, for I always read the bill of fares laid beside the plates. A gentleman was so kind as to explain to me that *navy dories* meant gilt turnips; though, after all, the gilding was nothing but a dab of yolk of egg. I could put it on myself, for that matter. *Collarets in champain* I found out of my own accord, for I'm pretty 'cute; and any body might see, with half an eye, that they were only chicken's necks. There was a good deal of thin gravy about them, but I doubt the champagne."

While the company were at dinner, Sir Tiddering amused himself with strolling about the piazza, whistling, and humming a tune, and looking in at the dining-room windows. So many of the gentlemen being absent, beaux were scarce at the table; and the Miss Conroys *en attendant mieux*, were glad to avail themselves of two gentlemen not at

all in society. To poor Miss Vandunder, who seldom spoke, and had no talent for listening, the dinner was extremely tedious, as well as tantalising; the Miss Conroys having cruelly told her that it was unfashionable for very young ladies to eat much, even if they *were* fresh from boarding-school.

Althea and Julia saw, at the other end of the table, a glimpse of the lady they had met on the beach. She was accompanied by a very plain-looking, middle-aged couple; and, as our heroine compassionately remarked, they were seated among the people that nobody knows.

"There is cousin Milly," said Althea softly. "I see, even at this distance, that she is in the same cachemere that she wore on the beach, with only the addition of a white muslin pelerine. Her hair is quite plain, and she has no ornament of any description about her. Poor thing! how she must feel in a place where every one is so much dressed."

"Still," said Julia, "I wish it were not the custom to dress so much at watering-places. It is very fatiguing, very troublesome, very inconvenient, and takes away nearly all the pleasure we should otherwise feel in escaping from the city during the warm weather."

"And yet," replied Althea, "it seems to me so very natural to wish always to look as well as we can."

In the afternoon Mr. Dimsdale and his little party went out in the carriage, to take a ride of a few miles round; during which they passed a vehicle containing cousin Milly and her companions, the plain-looking gentleman and lady, and the three children that had been with her on the beach; to which was added a fourth, a little fat thing about three years old, whom Milly held on her lap. On returning to the hotel, Mr. Dimsdale, at Althea's desire, inquired at the bar, the name of this party; and was answered that they had arrived only on the preceding evening, and that the gentlemen had put them down in the book simply as Mr. Edmunds and family, of Connecticut.

In the evening there was a beautiful sunset. The wind had subsided, the waves were gradually lessening in size and settling into a ripple. A few clouds yet hung in the west, painted with the richest shades of purple; but below them the horizon was one broad glow of golden red, amid which the setting sun poured a flood of radiance on the heaving ocean. The sea-birds were flying home to their nests, and the fishing-boats were all coming in; among them the one which had been chartered by the gentlemen for their day's amusement out on the deep sea. Mr. Dimsdale and his ladies (who were enjoying the sunset from the portico,) saw them arrive; and Althea met Selfridge with a look

of delight, which in an instant dispelled all thoughts of the patroon of Schoppenburgh, whom he now felt ashamed should have caused him a moment's uneasiness. They lingered in the portico till even the upper edge of the crimson and dilated sun had sunk behind the darkening water, and till the last curlew had winged its flight across the sands. And when our party met at the tea-table, and Selfridge found himself again beside Miss Vernon, his spirits rose with his happiness, and he felt quite "in the vein" to join Lansing in a lively account of their fishing excursion.

After tea, Althea enjoyed the pleasure of the brilliant saloon which she had disconcerted her admirer by regretting the night before. She was full of animation, and looked beautifully; and Selfridge devoted to her his whole attention. Lansing divided himself pretty equally among the most agreeable ladies in the room; and the patroon of Schoppenburgh had fallen again into the hands of Miss Phebe Maria; while Abby Louisa was obliged, for the present, to accept the civilities of one of the young men that was not in society, and that thought it an honor to be seen speaking to any member of the Conroy family. The young Frenchman introduced by her father, talked, in his own language, to Julia, who answered him timidly but in very good French.

Things were in this state, when our heroine

observed, at the other side of the room, sitting with Mr. and Mrs. Edmunds, the young lady of the beach. "There is cousin Milly," said Althea, in a low voice, to Julia. "See, directly opposite, in the plain, close, white gown."

Selfridge, who had partly heard her, glanced across the room, and his countenance assumed a look of pleasure and surprise.

"Excuse me one moment, Miss Vernon," said he; and he hastened immediately across the saloon, and paid his compliments to the young lady in question, who held out her hand and received him as if on terms of intimacy.

"I am glad," said Althea, again addressing Julia, "that Mr. Selfridge knows her. The poor girl must be so happy, amidst this crowd of strangers, to meet with an acquaintance. But see, she has risen and taken his arm. Perhaps he has kindly invited her to promenade with him. No, they are coming this way!"

She paused on their approach.—In a few moments they stood before her, and Selfridge introduced Miss De Vincy of Boston.

## CHAPTER X.

THE surprise of our heroine put her quite into a flutter, from which she had scarcely time to recover, while Selfridge was extending the introduction to the Dimsdale family, and to Lansing, who just then came up. At once, Althea began to discover in Miss De Vincy, beauty and elegance that she had not perceived in Cousin Milly: though somewhat surprised at an heiress and a belle, appearing in a large company at evening, in so simple a guise. But she soon discovered that, though a close gown, it was of real cambric edged with fine lace; and that the gold brooch which fastened the collar, was of exquisite workmanship, such as would not have disgraced Benvenuto Cellini.—The dark glossy hair of Miss De Vincy, was, as usual, without ornament, being simply fastened at the back of her head with a plain tortoise-shell comb, and parted on a high and expanded forehead that denoted a mind of no common order. Her eyes, of that deep blue which at night looks nearly black, beamed with intellect; and her lips had a sweetness of ex-

pression which at once invited confidence. Her figure, owing nothing to art, but much to nature, possessed that indescribable grace, which is never seen when the motions of the human form are fettered by conventional restraints and conventional manners. On being introduced to our heroine and her party, Miss De Vincy glided at once into conversation with a frankness and simplicity which put every one perfectly at their ease; and to which her clear and musical voice gave an additional charm.

With regard to the friends whom Miss De Vincy had accompanied to Rockaway—Mrs. Edmunds was her second cousin by the mother's side, and at an early age had married a gentleman who was then a tutor in a private family. They soon after removed into Connecticut, where Mr. Edmunds took a select school, which had made the fortune of its former principal. But Mr. Edmunds conducted it on a plan too liberal to be profitable; and he gave such close attention to its duties, and to the employment of his pen as an additional source of income, that he eventually impaired his health. On her return from Europe, Miss De Vincy, hearing of their situation, made a visit to her relations in Connecticut; and it being vacation time in the school, she prevailed on Mr. and Mrs. Edmunds to accompany her with all their children, on a little



tour into the state of New York: insisting that they should consider themselves, during this excursion, as her guests. And they had been too much accustomed to the generosity of their wealthy young cousin to wound her kind feelings by persisting in the scruples they at first advanced, with regard to accepting her proposal. Among Miss De Vincy's numerous sources of happiness, not the least was her delight in doing good to those less abundantly supplied with the gifts of fortune. Mr. and Mrs. Edmunds being amiable and intelligent people, she took pleasure in presenting them to all who were capable of appreciating them as they deserved; she was fond of children, and every thing promised well for all the members of her little party.—Their first intention was to pass a week in the city of New York, but finding it very warm there, and the best hotels and boarding-houses being crowded to excess, they concluded to proceed at once to the sea-shore. There had been no wilful concealment of her name on the part of Miss De Vincy, but as she always travelled without any display of wealth or consequence, it frequently happened that her identity was not recognised till revealed by accident.

Having finished this explanatory digression, we will return to the saloon at the Rockaway hotel.

In a few minutes, after her presentation to the Dimsdale party, the name of Miss De Vincy had

run through the room—and numerous were the applications for an introduction to her. Althea Vernon felt that Selfridge could not have paid her a higher compliment than in presenting her to the acquaintance of this young lady; whom, as she afterwards learnt, he had known from childhood, but did not see when he visited Boston on his return from India, as she was then on her homeward passage across the Atlantic.

On finding that her new friend was likely to be engrossed by strangers during the remainder of the evening, Althea accepted Selfridge's invitation to promenade with him. "Tell me," said she—after they passed a group where Miss De Vincy was the centre of attraction—"how is it that your fair townswoman makes so favorable an impression, without the least effort at what is termed affability, and without any attempt at saying agreeable things to all that are introduced to her?"

"Camilla De Vincy,"—replied Selfridge—"is always perfectly natural; and being at ease herself, she makes every one else so. With good sense, good taste and good feeling (and the union of these three qualifications forms the basis of that which is generally called tact,) there is no safer course than the *laissez aller*. Mrs. Jordan, one of the most popular actresses that graced the high and palmy days of the British theatre, on being asked

by what process of study she always succeeded in delighting her audience, replied that she constantly acted without rule, and without any previous preparation, except that of learning the words of her part. But that, when once on the stage, she gave herself up to chance: trusting for tones, and looks, and gestures, to whatever feelings or impulses might accompany her as she went along—and she found that the audience always went with her.—This is the *laissez aller* of genius—and it was thus that the immortal author of Marmion and Waverly gave to the world his most glorious inspirations.”

## CHAPTER XI.

Mrs. CONROY, on finding that Miss De Vincy had been at Rockaway twenty-four hours without her knowing it, was, as the sailors say, taken all a-back. She was also perplexed between her desire of getting introduced to the heiress, and the dislike she felt already towards a woman in whom she saw a most formidable rival to her daughters—she was also mortified to find the symptoms of a growing intimacy between this “observed of all observers,” and Althea Vernon. At length the thought struck her, that it would be most politic to pretend to those about her that she already knew Miss De Vincy.

“Dear me,”—said Mrs. Vandunder, “what a fuss they’re all making about this young lady from Boston.—Only see—every body’s introducing every body to her. Who but she, indeed!—Mrs. Conroy, you know one may as well be out of the world as out of the fashion.—Suppose we were to go up, and get somebody to introduce *us*.”

"Oh! mar!" exclaimed Wilhelmina, "not to that great young lady."

"Why, who's afraid!"—pursued Mrs. Vandunder.—"People as has property enough to set them above the world, need not be afraid of nobody. She has plenty, and we have plenty—so we'll just suit."

"Very true,"—said Mrs. Conroy; "no doubt you'll suit exactly.—But still one would not wish to show too much eagerness. Besides, it is understood in society, that all persons of our class, that is, all persons in a certain style, are necessarily acquainted with each other, and must have met in the natural course of things, no matter to what part of the Union they belong. For instance, it follows that I am certainly no stranger to Miss de Vincy."

The Miss Conroys turned round, and opened their eyes at this assertion of their mother; though not altogether unaccustomed to her practice of falsifying facts according to her purpose.

"Well then,"—said Mrs. Vandunder, rising—"take me and Wilhelmina up to her now, and introduce us."

"No,"—replied Mrs. Conroy—unblushingly.—"I have so much to say to Miss De Vincy, after her long absence in Europe, that I would rather defer any conversation with her till the general

rush is over—to-morrow will be time enough—besides, allow me just to hint, that there may be something a little undignified in ladies of a certain age making advances to a young girl.”

“And she in a plain white coat-dress too,”—spoke Wilhelmina, glancing first at her own finery, and then at her mother’s.

Phebe Maria now found much difficulty in engaging the attention of the patroon of Schoppenburgh, who, since he had heard the name of Miss De Vincy, seemed all uneasiness to run away from *her*, and procure an introduction to the heiress.—She, therefore, complained wofully of the heat of the room, and proposed a walk in the piazza. Before Vandunder could reply, she had placed her arm within his, and was almost forcibly drawing him away with her.—“I am led like a lamb to slaughter,”—said Billy, turning his head to whisper Sir Tiddering, whom they passed as he entered the saloon, after having “finished his feed,” as he called it. On getting within the door, Sir Tiddering soon discovered that Miss De Vincy was there in person: and recollecting that she had been in England, and might be aware of the *real* customs of genteel society in that ill-represented country, he felt some reluctance to be seen by her in his present costume. With the intention of changing his dress to something better suited to evening, he instituted

a search for his valet, who, however, could not, or would not be found—and Sir Tiddering not perceiving any possibility of dressing without him, was obliged to give up his design, and betake himself to his usual resource, the portico. Mrs. Conroy saw him from the window, near which she was sitting, and whispered to Abby Louisa; and the mother and daughter contrived to steal out, and give the slip to Mrs. Vandunder and Wilhelmina, who, when they discovered the desertion, were highly indignant.

“If they haven’t gone and left us, without saying why or wherefore!”—said Mrs. Vandunder—looking out of the window.—“And there they’re making up to the Englishman—and I see plain enough they’re trying to get him to walk with Abby Louisar—and he won’t. I’ve often heard that Englishmen won’t do nothing but what’s agreeable to themselves—that’s not the way with our people, for you see Billy is walking with Phebe Mariar. However, she’s fashionable, and that’s a great deal.—Let’s go out and join them—there’s no use in our setting here for nothing.”

“Every thing I have on, hurts me so,”—said poor Wilhelmina.—“that I’d a great deal rather go up to my room, and get out of my misery.”

“Nonsense!”—replied her unrelenting mother—  
“Would you mope away your whole life in your

room. I should like to know what chance you'd have then. As to the tightness of your things, you must bear it till you get used to it. People needn't expect to be fashionable, without all sorts of suffering. No—no, when every body's marrying all round, I'm not a going to let you live and die an old maid, after all the money that's been spent upon you. It shall never be said that *my* daughter could'nt get a husband as well as other girls. I was married to your poor father before I was fifteen."

So saying, she drew Wilhelmina after her, and they went out into the piazza, where Mrs. Vandunder accosted Mrs Conroy, with—"I've a crow to pick with you, Mrs. Conroy—why did you give us the slip?"

Mrs. Conroy could not say why—and remained silent, thinking of an answer. Sir Tiddering then whispered to Abby Louisa—"I'll walk with you to-morrow, if you'll introduce me now to this Dutch girl. I want to trot her." The introduction was given, and Sir Tiddering immediately held out his arm to Wilhelmina, saying—"Well, let's start, as you Yankees say ——"

"Start where?"—asked Wilhelmina, looking frightened.

"Oh! only on a jaunt up and down the piazza.



See if we can't outwalk my friend Billy, and his partner."

Wilhelmina hesitated—but her mother whispered—"Go—it's an honor to be noticed by this Sir Tiddering Tattering, or whatever his name is—be very polite, and see if you can't outdo the Conroys—when you speak to him, mind you say, 'my lord.'"—

The poor girl obeyed—and Sir Tiddering, much diverted, mischievously kept her going up and down the piazza in double quick time, mystifying her all the while with the jargon of the race-course and the horse-market.

"Well,"—said Mrs. Vandunder, whose good humor was now restored—"After setting so long in that there drawing-room, I should have no objection to a little walk myself.—What do you say, Mrs. Conroy—suppose we beau each other, and we can take Miss Abby Louisa between us; as no more gentlemen seem to be forthcoming."

From this arrangement, Abby Louisa drew back with a look of disgust; and Mrs. Conroy, seeing that not much was to be effected this evening, concluded to withdraw her forces for the present—and reminding the young ladies, that there was to be a grand ball at the hotel on the following night, which would keep them up very late, she advised

that they should all retire—a proposition to which neither of the gentlemen offered any objection.

“What did Sir Tattering say to you, Wilhelmina?”—asked Mrs. Vandunder—eagerly following her daughter to her room. “I don’t know,”—replied the poor girl, trying to force off her shoes.—“My feet hurt me so when he made me go so fast, and my corsets put me out of breath—I could not understand what he was talking about. He mentioned a Crow-catcher, and a Sky-scraper, and Whalebone and Snap—and then there was something about White Stockings, and a Wash-ball.—Sometimes, it seemed to me that all these things were horses.”

When Althea Vernon retired to her room, she was so much delighted with the events of the evening, that feeling no inclination to sleep, she sat down and wrote a long letter to her mother, and had filled her paper to the utmost, without saying half enough of Miss De Vincy. Along the margin of the last page, she managed to get in these lines.—“I forgot to say that I was introduced to Miss De Vincy by a Mr. Selfridge.”

Early next morning, Mr. Dimsdale, Selfridge, Lansing, and most of the other gentlemen, went up to the city, purposing to return towards evening, in time for the ball. Mrs. Conroy went also, to get some additional articles of decoration for her

daughters. She was accompanied for a similar purpose by Mrs. Vandunder—Billy escorting them. When about to set off, they found that Sir Tiddering Tattersall was going: and Mrs. Conroy now regretted that she had not arranged for her daughters to be of the party.

Miss De Vincy, Althea, and Mr. and Mrs. Edmunds, with the children, took an early walk on the beach, the day promising to be very warm as it advanced. It was a soft, calm morning, such as Collins delights in painting, and renders so delightful, when painted, to the lovers both of nature and art. The tide was low, and the surf was playing lightly along the sands. The smooth, but undulating surface of the ever-heaving ocean, colored with prismatic hues of purple, green and gold, lay glittering and dimpling in the sun light, which shone through the mist that its beams were slowly dispelling, while the far-off boats of the fishermen seemed sleeping on the mirrored water. Althea was charmed with the morning sea-view; and still more charmed with her accomplished companion, who told her many interesting things, connected with the shores of the classic Mediterranean and the romantic Adriatic.

“I, too,”—said Miss De Vincy—“have stood at Venice on the Bridge of Sighs, and have felt with Byron, that ‘the beings of the mind are not of

clay'—and that, to all whose native accents are English, the sea-born city has indeed 'a spell beyond her name in story.' To us, the Rialto is not merely a lofty bridge, spanning with its arch the grand canal; it is the place where the Venetian merchant reviled and scoffed at the ill-used and unforgiving Jew; it is the midnight rendezvous of Pierre and Jaffier, when they met to 'talk of precious mischief.' To us, the council-hall of the ducal palace, is the room in which the Moor Othello, in presence of 'the reverend, grave and potent signiors,' made his eloquent defence for winning the heart and hand of 'the daughter of a senator of Venice.' We, who are versed in the enchanting romances of Mrs. Radcliffe, can float in the gondola with Emily St. Aubert on the moonlight waters of the lagune, and listen to the charm of 'music on Venetian seas.' And more—the genius of Byron himself, has added new links to the electric chain, which draws us in fancy and feeling, to the city of the senate and the doges. He has conducted us into the gloomy prison, which the young Foscari preferred to the dreariness of perpetual exile; and he has startled us with the sound of St. Mark's bell, when its toll was the death-stroke of the deposed and heart-broken father. He has led us to the foot of the Giant's Stairs, and showed us at their summit, the ill-fated Ma-

rino Faliero, addressing his executioner in the thrilling words,

Slave, do thine office;  
Strike as I struck the foe! Strike as I would  
Have struck those tyrants!—Strike—and but once.

“Oh! noble, indeed, is the literature of England—and fortunate for America, is our identity of language.”

## CHAPTER XII.

MOST of the ladies devoted the greatest part of the day to making their final preparations for the ball—for we all know, that whatever may be our previous state of readiness, there are always “more last words,” when the ball-day has actually come. Among the young girls, who had even the least acquaintance with each other, there was great visiting from room to room, to consult about the arrangement of flowers, bows, and lace. All the beds were covered with pretty things, and the floors with snips of ribbon, tulle and satin. The piazza was vacant, and there was no promenading in the saloon after breakfast, for two good reasons—first, that there were no gentlemen, and secondly, that the ladies were anxious to get to their rooms as soon as possible.

Miss De Vincy, alone, seemed in no way affected by the ball—but having spent all the morning in amusing the children, she passed the afternoon in reading a new book. There was much speculation among the other ladies, as to the probable costume

in which the Boston belle would appear that evening. Some one having remarked, that she would most probably, on this occasion, lay aside her usual simplicity of attire; it was soon rumored, that she would *certainly* do so, and that the ladies would now have an opportunity of seeing one of the very elegant dresses, that she *must* have brought from Paris. A few who had already begun to call her eccentric, opined that she would appear in some strange déshabille, and voted, that if she did so, it should be considered an affront to the company. By the time evening came, one party had heard from unquestionable authority, (that notorious fib-teller,) of Miss De Vincy's positive intention to exhibit herself in a dress of entire blond, over a rose-colored satin; some said a gold color. The other party had equally good grounds for asserting, that she designed, with all the insolence of an heiress, to appear among them in a dark chintz.

The Miss Conroys, in compliance with their mother's parting words, came to the dinner-table attired with unusual plainness, that their ball-dresses might be the more striking from the contrast. They had, in reality, been very busy all the morning; but they found occasion to say at dinner, that they never took any concern about their dresses till it was time to put them on; as of course, ladies in a certain style, always had their habiliments so com-

pletely prepared by the persons they employed for these affairs, as to leave nothing for themselves to do or to think of.

A French *coiffeur*, who had come down from the city in a handsome gig, for the purpose of dressing the ladies' hair, commenced operations early in the afternoon, that he might get through all in due time. Therefore, when the fatigue of preparation was over, there was no chance of repose for those who had been under his hands, as they were obliged to sit up stiff and take care of their heads.

Our heroine, who did not avail herself of the skill of Mr. Pussedu, had soon arranged every thing that she intended wearing, and sat down to enjoy a novel borrowed from Miss De Vincy. She was interrupted by a knock at her door, and supposing it Julia, desired her to come in; when the person that entered, proved to be Miss Abby Louisa Conroy. Althea placed a chair for her visiter, and Miss Conroy said, with a formal and patronising voice and manner: "I hope I do not interrupt your studies, Miss Vernon, but mamma, who takes great interest in young ladies that are so unfortunate as not to have a chaperon of acknowledged taste; excuse me, but my aunt Dimsdale, though a very amiable woman, and moving in a highly respectable circle, is not, (as you know) in the most *recherché* society. I do not intend to disparage aunt



Dimsdale, but I question whether she is so fortunate as to be acquainted with a single member, of what is generally termed, the aristocracy—mamma, I say, desired that one of us, (my sister or myself,) should look in upon you in the course of the afternoon, and offer you the advantage of our experience, in regard to your ball-costume for this evening, the company at Rockaway being unusually genteel just now. May I presume to venture a few hints?”

Althea bowed assentingly.

“In the first place,” proceeded Abby Louisa, “I would recommend perfect simplicity. “What do you think of wearing? Is that your dress on the bed?” and she rose to examine it. “White crape, with a white silk under-dress—ribbon white satin. Excuse me, but white crape is really very trying, and white silk underneath, makes it still more so. Have you not a new figured chaly?”

“I have,” replied Althea, showing her one. “But I do not like it.”

“Why not. They are very much worn, and the colors of this are rather handsome.”

Althea did not like to own that she had heard Selfridge say, he could not distinguish between a flowered chaly and a flowered calico; the effect, to his eyes, being just the same. “I think,” said she, “this chaly (with its long sleeves, too,) is rather *en*

*demi-toilette* for a ball-dress." "You are quite mistaken," retorted Abby Louisa—"it is fine enough for any purpose, and sufficiently fashionable. Let me advise—the chaly and nothing else—no lace or any thing of that sort about the neck or wrists, which I see are finished with a double cording of green silk. Just put on this chaly dress, and add nothing to it. Plain and neat—plain and neat—that should always be the motto of very young girls."

"I think so, too," said Althea—"but this many-colored chaly coming against my neck and hands, without any thing white to relieve it, will, I am sure, have a very bad effect—particularly as a ball-dress."

"How you harp upon a ball-dress,"—resumed Abby Louisa—"I am perfectly sure, that this chaly, just as it is, will suit your style exactly; even on this occasion. I also advise that you should comb all the hair back from your forehead, unite it with your hind hair, and form the whole into a round plat or knot at the top of your head. Your style of face will look best with all your hair turned off from it. And put no ornament, whatever, on your head. Perfect simplicity suits you best. Be plain and neat in every thing."

"Really," said Althea, "with all my hair stroked back from my forehead, and knotted at the top of

my head, I shall look like Afong Moy—or rather like a damsel from Otaheite.”

“No matter—to very young people it is the most becoming style. Also, let me counsel you to wear black shoes, instead of those white satin ones.”

Althea knew, that with white silk stockings, black shoes were very unbecoming to a lady’s feet when dancing.—“I have no objection,”—said she, “to plain attire in its place; and I hope I am always neat—but if we do not dress a little more than usual at a ball, when shall we?”

“There is no necessity for any extra dressing, even at a ball,” replied Abby Louisa. “A lady is a lady always—it is only advisable to have some one costly thing about you, to distinguish you from the vulgar—for instance, a handsome embroidered handkerchief—a very handsome one. However, no lady is without that, at any time.”

This she said mischievously, having observed, with her sister, that Althea’s handkerchiefs were simply of plain cambric, and doubting if she had any others. Our heroine was now touched on one of her weak points—and she colored consciously. Just then, Phebe Maria came to the door, to announce to Miss Conroy that Mr. Pussedu was waiting. “I don’t want Mr. Pussedu,” said Abby Louisa, peevishly. “Why you certainly engaged

him to dress your hair,"—replied Phebe—"and he says, your turn comes next to Miss Digglesworth's, whom he has just finished."—"Pho," said Abby. "What nonsense—but I will go and speak to him myself."—She then withdrew, and her sister took her place in Althea's room.

Phebe Maria Conroy was one of those impertinent people, who profess to speak their minds plainly—and this she always did, as far as comported with what she conceived her interest. Softness or dignity being out of the question with her, she had concluded to be *piquant*, and even called herself *brusque*: but her *brusquerie* was only exercised on those she was not afraid of. "La—Althea,"—said she—seating, or rather throwing herself on the side of the bed—"Is this your ball-dress? Pure, bridal white! Are you married, my dear?—It must be to somebody we have never seen nor heard of."

"This *is* the dress I intend wearing"—said Althea, coldly.

"For mercy's sake, give it up!" exclaimed Phebe Maria—"or add something to it. This is to be quite a dress-ball, and any affectation of simplicity of costume, will be quite out of place to-night. Besides, I am certain that full-dress is becoming to you, and that the more you are adorned the better you look. Or, if you *must* wear this white crape, I dare say I can assist you in borrowing a blue

satin boddice, or a pink one; and some flowers of various colors, to festoon the skirt. Have you no colored ribbon for rosettes for the sleeves?—rosettes are soon made. And how are you going to wear your hair?"

"Very much as usual, except the addition of some white roses," replied Althea.

"Impossible!—what, with only a plat and a few curls behind, and those short ringlets on your temples. You have not half enough of hair about your face. Mr. Pussedu has brought with him, boxes full of braids, and plats, and curls, and flowers, and feathers, and all that sort of thing, as Sir Tiddering says. You must positively have Pussedu, and let him put your head *comme il faut*, and make him add as many decorations to it as possible. I advise that you shall have some of your hind hair brought forward, so as to get enough for very long thick plats, to hang over your cheeks quite down to your neck, each plat terminating in a ringlet; and let the plats be interspersed with ribbon and flowers."

Althea was not slow in perceiving, that the drift of both sisters was to induce her to dress herself as unbecomingly as possible. But she saw that to argue the point would be useless—and she simply said—"I believe I shall wear what I originally intended."

"You are very obstinate,"—remarked Phebe

Maria—"But, one thing more I must advise, as a friend—which is, that you appear with a handsome handkerchief. Do you know, that I have heard remarks made on the plainness of your *mouchoirs*, and from persons whom you would hardly suspect. Every one now, that can possibly afford it, makes a great point of elegant handkerchiefs. Have you noticed ours?—We have none that cost less than thirty or forty dollars." "I have observed"—replied Althea—"that your handkerchiefs are very beautiful."

"To be sure they are"—resumed Phebe.—"A costly handkerchief is now one of the distinguishing marks of a woman of fashion. *Parvenues* can seldom bring their minds to give much for pocket-handkerchiefs, but prefer laying out their money in things that make a great show—Mamma is going to bring us some from town, that will cost fifty dollars a-piece; and we shall have them for this evening."

After some more idle talk tinged with impertinence, Phebe Maria withdrew to take her turn with Mr. Pussedu.

Towards evening, there was great arriving from the city; not only of the ladies and young men that had gone up in the morning, but of fathers and husbands that staid chiefly in town on account of their business. The corridors were alive with

figures flitting from room to room, and the saloon was nearly empty. Few ladies appeared at the tea-table; but the Dimsdale party, and Miss De Vincy and her friends, were there as usual. Selfridge seemed as overjoyed to meet Althea again as if he had been away from her a month instead of a day; and Lansing kept up an animated conversation with Miss De Vincy. After tea, however, there was a general separation of the gentlemen and ladies till the hour of the ball should arrive.

Our heroine had never felt so desirous of looking well as on this evening, and she was a quarter of an hour in trying to arrange to the best advantage two white roses, that were the only decorations of her beautiful hair. After she was dressed, and while waiting for Mrs. Dimsdale (who, having superintended the toilets of her two young ladies, was now completing her own,) Althea sat down by the window, to look out at the sea. But she had just now so little of her usual perception of its beauties, that she knew not whether the broad light that glittered on its waters, was caused by the setting sun or the rising moon. The truth is, her thoughts were divided between Selfridge, and the embroidered handkerchief, which she now regretted extremely was not her own. Our readers must remember, that Althea Vernon was young and very imaginative. She had felt more sensibly than

they deserved, the sneers of the Miss Conroys. "They talked"—thought she—"of the fifty dollar handkerchiefs, that their mother was to bring them this evening. How would they be mortified if, after all their insolence, they were to see me with one that cost eighty. I wish it were mine." Having cast a look of something nearly allied to contempt at the plain cambric one that lay yet folded on the bed, she took out the elegant handkerchief of Miss Fitzgerald and stood with it on a chair before the glass, to see the effect when added to her ball-dress. It looked more desirable than ever; and she tried it in various graceful positions, while all her fancy for this expensive trifle returned upon her in full force. Twice, before she heard them, the Dimsdales had tapped at her door to let her know that they were ready. Her thoughts were just then on Selfridge—she started, and hastily joining the friends that were waiting for her, in her hurry forgot to take her own handkerchief, and to lay down the embroidered one, which she found in her hand as she descended the stairs. Her first impulse, was to carry it back to her room—and her next thought, that, after all, as no one need know it, her carrying Miss Fitzgerald's handkerchief, for one evening, could neither injure that lady nor herself.



## CHAPTER XIII.

SELFPRIDGE was waiting to offer our heroine his arm to the ball-room; Lansing gave his to his cousin Julia; and ten or twelve gentlemen were all in readiness to present themselves, for that purpose, to Miss De Vincy. They were not aware that she was there already; having gone in quietly with Mr. and Mrs. Edmunds, among the earliest of the company. On their entrance, she made a sign to the Dimsdale party, who immediately joined hers. Miss De Vincy was neither arrayed in blond lace nor in dark chintz. She wore a black silk dress, so superior in quality and in make, that the ladies pronounced it at once to be of genuine Paris origin. A tucker of the finest mechlin was drawn round her beautiful neck; and the sleeves, which were short and full, terminated in a similar trimming. Her hair, simply and gracefully arranged, had no other ornament than a pearl comb. The Conroys, as usual, were attired in high fashion; every thing on them being very expensive, and of the latest mode.

Mrs. Vandunder was habited in a fawnish-colored silk, with green and red sprigs; and a lace pelerine, with furbelows on the shoulders that stood out like wings. On her head was a thing of blond and wire, peaked up at the top, and looking very much like a fool's-cap, with lappets "particularly long and wide," descending from the lofty crown and hanging far down her back; a broad full border flaring round her broad full face; and the whole bedecked with a profusion of straw-colored ribbons and yellow flowers, which neither matched nor contrasted the color of her gown. She wore such a profusion of heavy jewellery that no one could believe the gold and gems to be real; each arm, for instance, being encircled with three different sorts of bracelets.

Wilhelmina Vandunder shone forth in a flowered satin of a full blue color, decorated with various elaborate arabesques of what the dress makers call piping, and flounced with blond on skirt, sleeves, and corsage. Her mother had been present at the building of Wilhelmina's *coiffure*, and had outraged the taste and jeopardised the reputation of Mr. Pussedu by compelling him to load the superstructure of curls and braids with a profusion of flowers, marabout feathers, and gold cable; not to mention the ribbons that festooned her heavy earlocks, which were divided into innumerable plats,

so small as to resemble hairs of marvellous coarseness. But the crowning misery of poor Wilhelmina was a pair of silk stockings embroidered with gold thread, which Mrs. Vandunder had brought her from the city, and which scratched so intolerably her unfortunate feet as to add greatly to their usual sufferings. In her hand she carried a corresponding handkerchief sprigged and bordered with gold *à la Turque*, being one from a case that had been opened in New York for the first time on that very day.

Sir Tiddering Tattersall entered the ball-room at a late hour, in a new evening dress which he had brought from London. It was a very tight black coat, with sleeves far above his wrists, about which appeared an abundance of ruffles; extremely light and short black pantaloons; speckled silk stockings; pumps with amazingly long toes, and the shortest possible crimson waistcoat, having three chains disposed about it. His hands were cased in flesh-colored kid gloves; he carried an opera hat and a cane; and to all the hair of his head and face the curling-tongs had given a turn upwards, which made him look quite another sort of animal. He directly levelled his eye-glass at the female Vandunders, and observing their superabundance of trinkets, said to the young men near him—"Smoke Birmingham."

The ball resembled all other balls at watering places. It was highly enjoyed by the young ladies who had plenty of partners, and not much by those that failed in these valuable acquisitions. The gentlemen found so many charms in the conversation of Miss De Vincy that they almost forgot to invite her to dance; and to her it was a matter of no moment whether she danced or not. Lansing had the honor of being her first partner, and she went through the cotillion, as she did every thing else, with an easy elegance alike remote from the elaborate performance of a professed Terpsichorean, and the affected *nonchalance* which is now assumed by many of our young ladies when they assemble for the ostensible purpose of engaging in a lively and graceful exercise.

The gentle prettiness of Julia Dimsdale brought her many partners. Althea looked beautifully in her white crape and white roses, and entered into the amusement of the evening with so much grace and animation, that Selfridge, more enamored than ever, would gladly have danced every set with her. But there were so many other aspirants to her hand that his chance of obtaining it occurred far less frequently than he desired.

A set having been recently finished, the gentlemen who wished to dance the next went in quest of partners, and those that did not collected in

groups to talk their own talk, or to discuss the ladies. And many unadmired damsels that had hitherto been allowed to sit still, were now taking the opportunity of crossing the room, in hopes that a change of position might produce a change of luck.

“*Sauve qui peut!*”—said Sir Tiddering—“Here come the Conroys,”—as these young ladies approached, preceded by their father and mother; Mr. Conroy, for the purpose of being present at the ball, having accompanied his wife on her return from the city. The young men made a general movement of retreat, and some who were acquainted with these ladies, confusedly turned their backs, as if to avoid being seen by them. Sir Tiddering, however, turned his face: impudently surveying them through his lorgnette: while the Miss Conroys reddened as they passed, and their eyes gleamed resentfully. “*Fieri facias!*”—said Billy Vandunder—“how angry they look!—I suppose as I happen to be hand in glove with Phebe, I am expected to do the genteel, and dance with her *selon les riggles*.”

Just then Mrs. Vandunder came panting along, with Wilhelmina leaning heavily on her arm. “Oh? there you are, Billy”—said the old lady to her son. “Han’t you seen nothing of the Conroys—they’ve got off from us again, and we’ve quite lost them.”

“*Tant mieux*”—observed Billy.

"Me and Wilhelmina have been a hunting them all about"—pursued Mrs. Vandunder—"and I'm so out of breath, and so hot I'm all but melted: being none of Pharaoh's lean kind. I wonder if it's fashionable to be always giving people the slip. I've been looking round for them with all my eyes, and han't the least notion where they've took themselves."

"*Ignis fatuus*"—muttered Billy.

"Billy, go look"—proceeded his mother—"we'll stay here by Sir Tattering Tidderson till you find the Conroys; and then you can come and take us to them."

"Between you and me and the post you all deserve to be shut up with a *letter de catchit*"—murmured Billy, as he departed on the search.

Some of the young men began to walk off; while others remained, enticed to stay by a wink and a back-handed twitch from Sir Tiddering, accompanied with a significant glance towards the old lady and her daughter. "Don't you daunce?"—said he to Miss Vandunder. Wilhelmina looked fearfully at her mother, who quickly answered for her—"To be sure she does. Her dancing-master's bills cost me a matter of a hundred dollars. And pray, sir, (for one question's as good as another) why don't you dance yourself, if I may be so bold?"

"Oh! I only asked for information"—replied Sir

Tiddering. "For my part I never daunce but at Almack's."

"I don't know what you mean by dancing at almanacks"—retorted Mrs. Vandunder, warmly—"but I should like to ask what's the use of people that are young or youngish, going to balls if they do nothing but stand about or set still all the time?"

"Very true, madam"—replied Sir Tiddering with mock gravity; "it's vaustly foolish in them."

"To be sure"—proceeded the old lady—"for what I can see, there's very little fun in most of the dancing that's done now-a-days. We all know that it's as well to be out of the world as out of the fashion; and for them that has the means, it's their bounden duty to show what they are. I would not wish it mentioned again, (as coming from me,) but there's a great deal in fashion that's pretty hard to swallow; (here Wilhelmina sighed audibly; and a great deal that don't seem to have no earthly sense nor meaning."

"Unquestionably, madam"—said Sir Tiddering, sententiously—"your opinions are perfectly sound. 'Tis really quite refreshing to hear some improving conversation."

"All changes is not for the better"—continued Mrs. Vandunder—"there's my Billy now—he used to clap his hands, and hop away like all the world,

and swing his partner, and bounce up high and knock his feet together two or three times before he came down again. But now he hardly lifts them from the floor; but goes sawing about, and sideling through the figure, giving the tip of his finger to the ladies, and looking all the time as grave as a judge."

"Exactly so"—said Sir Tiddering—"you are quite strong, madam, on the subject of dauncing. I cannot say that I am at all partial to that sawing and sideling."

"However"—resumed Mrs. Vandunder—"any sort's better than none; for it brings people together and gets them acquainted. Of course, it can't be expected that young ladies should dance when they an't asked; as every body knows they can't ask themselves."

"Doubtles they cannot"—said Sir Tiddering—"there is much point in the remark."

"And I must say"—she continued—"that it's rather hard for a young lady that's gone to the expense of as high a priced frock and trimmings as any in the room, and had her hair dressed by a Frenchman in a horse and gig, to be passed by and overlooked by Tom, Dick and Harry."

"Who are those gentlemen you speak of?"—asked Sir Tiddering—"I beg your pardon, madam—but if you will give me their sirnames, I shall cer-



tainly call them to account for their want of gallantry. Now that I am in America I have serious thoughts of doing as Rome does, and deferring to the ladies."

"Better late than never,"—remarked Mrs. Vandunder—"if asking them to dance, is what you mean. It's a pretty heavy job to educate and dress and bring out a girl; and when it's done, it's reasonable to expect that something should come of it; especially when there's a full pocket into the bargain. To be sure, people that has plenty and oceans of plenty need not begrudge nothing; as Billy often tells me: but still nobody likes to pay too dear for their whistle."

"Certainly, madam"—said Tiddering—"whistles should never be costly.—I do not recollect having given more than sixpence for any of mine: but the price may have risen since I was a boy. What did you say was the young lady's fortune—the lady to whom, I presume, you are alluding?"

The young men behind, almost started at this effrontery.

"Why a clear hundred thousand"—answered the old lady, sharply—"there's no use in mincing the matter."

"Not the least"—said Sir Tiddering wiping his glasses with his handkerchief.—"I seldom mince—dollars or pounds did you say?"

“Why dollars to be sure!—Who talks of pounds here in our country—they’re as old as the old war, and older too.”

Sir Tiddering having taken a steadfast survey of Wilhelmina through his lorgnette, muttered to himself.—“No matter—I am not at Almack’s”—and then stiffly held out his little finger.

“It will give me monstrous pleasure”—said he “to walk the next daunce with you.”

The face of Mrs. Vandunder now shone with delight: but Wilhelmina looked piteously towards her mother, who frowned and motioned her into compliance.—“Sir, you are very polite”—said the old lady—smiling and curtsying to Sir Tiddering.—“I have heard that English people when they come to America are apt to leave their manners behind them—but seeing’s believing—and I must say that your behaviour is remarkable genteel.”

“You are also strong, madam, on the subject of gentility”—remarked Sir Tiddering.

“Yes, sir”—replied Mrs. Vandunder—“it’s a thing that behooves every one to study that has wherewithal to support it. There now—the fiddles is tuning, and it’s time to take your places.”

“I wish my servant was at hand”—said Sir Tiddering—“that I might send him to secure those said places. But I suppose I must go myself—it’s monstrous tiresome!”—So saying, he lounged off,

followed by several of the young men, who having stifled all audible laughter during his dialogue with Mrs. Vandunder, were now eager to indulge in it as soon as they were at a convenient distance.

“Sir Tiddering”—said one of them—“you are a bold man, to undertake she of the head in face of the whole company.”

“She of the feet, and she of the frock also”—said another—“her titles are manifold.”

“She of the hundred thousand dollars”—said Sir Tiddering—“that’s the title to set all others at naught.”

In the meantime Mrs. Vandunder and her daughter had seated themselves near the place in which Sir Tiddering had left them; the old lady sagely observing “that it was as cheap setting as standing.” “Well”—she exclaimed—her face redolent of over-satisfaction—“luck’s come at last!”

“What luck?”—said Wilhelmina.

“What luck!—why, an’t you going to dance with an English nobleman, who has chose you before a whole room full. Only think—I’ve been a talking face to face with him, just as naturally as if he was no better than one of our own people; and I never once remembered to call him ‘your lordship.’ ”

“I’m sure *I* won’t attempt any such thing”—

said Wilhelmina—"for if I did I should only say it wrong. I always find the less I talk the better."

"There"—exclaimed Mrs. Vandunder—"I see the Conroys over yonder. And I declare if there an't Billy leading out Phebe Mariar to take a place in a cotillion instead of coming back to tell us when he found them. I wonder how that girl has come round Billy so as to get him to dance with her. I do believe there's nobody in the known world that's a match for the cunning of them there Conroys. However, I'll go and set with Mrs. Conroy while you're dancing. How angry she'll be when she sees what a partner you've got?"

"Oh! dear"—cried Wilhelmina—shrinking back "here's the Englishman coming for me!"

"Don't look like a frightened fool"—said Mrs. Vandunder; pulling her forward.—"What signifies all the money I lay out on your dress, if I'm always to be made ashamed of your behaviour. I wish I had sent you to school to Mrs. Mantrap. *Her* scholars all hold up their heads and walk with an air; and an't afraid of nobody nor nothing; and talk to all sorts of gentlemen; and dress fashionable without complaining; and they marry off fast and early; many of them even before they are done their schooling."

Sir Tiddering Tattersall now came up and announced that he had obtained places for himself

and the young lady. Mrs. Vandunder, with many curtsies and compliments consigned her daughter to him for the cotillion; and poor Wilhelmina, after an angry whisper from her mother, set her face to an extraordinary smile, and essayed something of a tripping step as she walked off beside her partner. Mrs. Vandunder looked after them delightedly; and then, highly elated, made the best of her way to Mrs. Conroy, whom she saluted with the discovery.—“How much the English improve on acquaintance!”

## CHAPTER XIV.

THE Miss Conroys were so totally eclipsed by numerous other young ladies, their superiors in beauty and attraction, that (after Lansing had gone through the ceremony with each of them) they seemed to have little chance of dancing, except with young men that were not eligible. At length the patroon of Schoppenburgh strolled up; not, however, to say that his mother had sent him in quest of them, but merely to utter the commonplace remarks that are usually parroted by the "ingenuous youth" that frequent ball-rooms. "A very brilliant assemblage here to-night—a great deal of beauty and fashion—some very interesting young ladies," &c., &c. "Yes, very"—replied Phebe Maria—"and an unusual number of *distingué* young men."

"I believe,"—said Mrs. Conroy, glancing significantly at her daughter—"you have sent off a dozen of them in despair, at having begged in vain the honor of your hand."

"Why, don't she want to dance!"—exclaimed Billy.

"Oh! yes,"—replied Mrs. Conroy, determined on a desperate effort—"but you know she could not break her engagement with you."

Amazed and perplexed, Billy Vandunder looked rather more foolish than usual. He had not the slightest recollection of this engagement, (it would have been strange if he had,) but he could not be so ungallant as to disclaim it; and he twisted his finger in his watch-guard, steadfastly gazed on his breast-pin, and passed his hand over his face as if to convince himself of his own identity by ascertaining if his whiskers, &c. were still there. The Miss Conroys were too much accustomed to receiving their cues from their mother not to catch them in a moment, and Phebe Maria rose directly and gave her hand to the patroon, suggesting to him the expediency of securing places as soon as possible, before all those in the most select cotillions should be taken.

"*Toujours prett*,"—said Billy, trying to recover himself and submit with a good grace. "I'm always proud to be at the beck of the ladies,"—and he led her off, stepping daintily by her side, and strenuously endeavoring to look pleased with his partner; whq, he consoled himself with the reflection, "was certainly very genteel."

To Althea Vernon, the ball, so far, was delightful. Selfridge danced with her every alternate set; and her intervening partners were always such as could be classed among the pleasantest men in the room. She was at this time engaged to a young gentleman from the south; and Selfridge was hovering near her, unwilling to quit her till the cotillion began. Feeling kindly disposed towards even the Conroys, she said to him—"Do go and dance with Miss Abby Louisa. She cannot find it pleasant to sit still; and however fastidious she may be with regard to partners, I am sure you will have no difficulty in persuading her to join the set that is now forming."

Selfridge, indifferent with whom he danced when Althea was not his partner, and happy to comply with any request of hers, almost kissed his hand to her when saying "*Au revoir*," and repaired to the place where Miss Conroy was sitting with her mother; Mrs. Vandunder, however, quitted them to take a seat in the vicinity of Sir Tiddering and Wilhelmina. When Selfridge made his request, the countenance of the young lady denoted immediate compliance; but before she had time to speak her mother said—"Now do, Abby Louisa, allow Mr. Selfridge to prevail on you to break your resolution of dancing no more this evening. The gentlemen are all astonished and mortified at your ob-



duracy, though by no means unaccustomed to it. One would not, of course, dance every set, like a child at a practising; but still it is well, when we are at these places, to sanction them by a slight participation. My daughters, Mr. Selfridge, are extremely delicate, and very liable to be overcome by the fatigue of dancing; beside which, balls are so little of novelties to them that (in mixed companies especially) they can rarely be persuaded to take any other part than that of mere spectators. In our own select circle where we have only the mazurka, the Spanish dances, and other elegant things, it is quite different. Abby Louisa, I believe I must exert my parental influence in desiring you to waive your determination of remaining quiet this evening. Consider—it is Mr. Selfridge that solicits your hand.”

Abby Louisa deigned to comply, and Selfridge, duly sensible of the exception in his favor, was going to lead her to a cotillion then forming near them; but another couple suddenly stepped up and took the only unoccupied places. He then left her, to ascertain whether there were no vacancies to be found at the other end of the room.

“Abby Louisa,”—said Mrs. Conroy—“have you noticed Althea Vernon’s new handkerchief?”—  
“Yes,”—replied Abby—“who could help noticing it? Hitherto she has carried none but a plain

cambric, and to-night she is sporting the most elegant one in the room. That handkerchief could not have cost less than seventy or eighty dollars. I wish, mamma, you had gone a little farther, and bought such for Phebe and I, instead of the fifty dollar ones you brought us this evening. I hate to be outdone by Althea Vernon."

"Such handkerchiefs as that are entirely too costly"—said Mrs. Conroy—"they are even beyond *our* mark. I cannot imagine how her mother happened to get it for her."

"Or how they could afford it"—said Abby.

"They could not afford it"—resumed Mrs. Conroy—"but here comes Selfridge, who seems to be decidedly in love with her. Mark me now, and have all your wits about you, and we may turn this handkerchief to account."

"I do not believe," said Abby—"he has found any space unoccupied."

"So much the better"—observed her mother.

"Better"—exclaimed Abby—"I know not what can be worse. It is no trifle to be disappointed in dancing with a man so handsome, and so perfectly genteel, and so every way *comme il faut*. There now—the music has commenced."

"Certainly"—replied Mrs. Conroy—"it is very desirable that you should dance with Mr. Selfridge,

and that he should be seen with you as much as possible. But don't you perceive that your chance is now double. He, of course, after the disappointment of obtaining places for this set, considers himself engaged to you for the next; and now as Althea, and Miss De Vincy, and all the other ladies that he is acquainted with, are dancing, we can engage him in conversation, and detain him with us all the time. But here comes your father. We must introduce them."

Mr. Conroy, who had been confabulating with some mercantile friends from the city, now joined his wife and daughter; and Mrs. Conroy having informed him in a low voice who and what Selfridge was, the introduction took place as soon as that young gentleman came back to them. He had been unsuccessful in his search for unoccupied places; and though disappointed at being cut off from all hope of dancing the succeeding set with Althea, he, of course, took care to show no indication of annoyance at the necessity of attaching himself in the interim to the Conroy family.

"This is quite a gay scene"—observed Mr. Conroy—"a large assortment of handsome females."

"The proportion of lovely faces and symmetrical forms to be found in every assemblage of our countrywomen is always great"—observed Selfridge—

“and to me who have recently returned from China where ladies are not to be seen, the *coup d’œil* of this room is peculiarly striking. When I look on the beauty and elegance that surrounds me, I am more ready than ever to exclaim

“Who would not fight for such a land!”

“If you mean elegance of dress”—said Mr. Conroy—“I think there is rather too much, considering that the husbands and fathers have all to work hard to procure it; and, even when doing a great business, are often at their wit’s end for money to meet their engagements. Our women have become quite too extravagant. Even their pocket handkerchiefs cost forty or fifty dollars.”

“Well,”—said Mrs. Conroy—“when families live in a certain style, and are able to afford it, that much *may* be given for a very handsome one. But farther than fifty no lady should allow herself to go. Certainly, seventy or eighty dollars is entirely too great a sum for a pocket handkerchief.”

“I did not suppose there were any at that price,” remarked Selfridge.

“Truly”—observed Mr. Conroy—“it is enough to make the young men look about them before they think of getting married. A man should have already made his fortune, (and a large one too,) before

he ventures on a lady that carries an eighty dollar pocket handkerchief."

"I think so too"—said Selfridge—"for in such a woman there must be something wrong. In Europe, where there is a real aristocracy, with immense wealth to support it, and with hereditary habits of lavish expenditure, these extravagant fashions may be tolerated; but I should judge very unfavorably of any American young lady who showed an extraordinary eagerness to adopt them."

The mother and daughter exchanged looks.

"But how would you know?"—said Mr. Conroy—"Gentlemen, unless they happen to deal in the article, are seldom very close observers of ladies' pocket handkerchiefs."

"I should not know at all"—replied Selfridge.

"Well then—I will enlighten you on the subject" said Mrs. Conroy—"Whenever you see a cambric handkerchief so fine and thin as to be nearly transparent, embroidered all over with the most delicate needle-work, and trimmed all round with rich lace quilled on as full as possible, you may conclude it does not cost less than eighty dollars."

"For instance"—said Abby Louisa, boldly—"like that of Miss Althea Vernon. You can see it now—she is dancing in the cotillion with Sir Tiddering and his super-elegant partner. What a pity that all its beauties are not visible at a distance.

Now Wilhelmina's handkerchief, with its gold sprigs, makes a fine glitter. But Miss Vernon's must be scanned closely to be duly understood."

Selfridge changed color.

"What! the daughter of Mrs. Vernon, Frank Vernon's widow!"—exclaimed Mr. Conroy—"I happen to know pretty accurately what their income is. How in the name of absurdity can they afford eighty dollars for a pocket handkerchief?"

"Oh! I don't know"—replied his wife—"one ought not to say all that one thinks; but the affording of people keeps me in a constant state of wonder. Formerly there was some distinction. But now rich or not rich, fashion or no fashion, every one dresses at equal cost."

"So much the worse"—said Mr. Conroy, with whom the extravagance of women was a favorite subject, and one on which he could speak feelingly. "In nine cases out of ten, the poor husband finds the comfort he has a right to expect in his own home, sacrificed to his wife's passion for finery. I should not like to be domesticated in a house where the women had eighty dollar handkerchiefs, unless there was wealth enough to supply every thing in equal proportion; a thing not to be expected in our country."

"Perhaps"—said Abby Louisa, trying to speak

amiably—"this poor girl is so unfortunate as to have a weak mother, who has brought her up in habits of extravagance beyond their means."

"Nothing more likely"—observed Mr. Conroy—"and weak mothers are apt to have weak daughters."

"I do not think Miss Vernon weak"—said Selfridge.—"She is very young; and of course inexperienced; but to me she appears replete with intelligence and sensibility; and I believe, when circumstances require it, she will not be found deficient in a due proportion of energy."

"Oh!" cried Mr. Conroy, "I see how the land lies. Well, well—if this young lady has stolen your heart, I have not another word to say."

"My acquaintance with her," said Selfridge, coloring highly, "is of very recent date. It is but a few days since I first had the pleasure of meeting Miss Vernon."

"Well, then," resumed Mr. Conroy, "as I suppose you have not as yet propounded the grand question, let an experienced man advise you to put it off a while. You are too young to have made your fortune already, and you will not be likely to do so if you encumber yourself, just now, with a wife that sports eighty dollar handkerchiefs."

"I do not believe Miss Vernon could have got

such a one for eighty," observed Mrs. Conroy *parenthese*. "It was more likely ninety dollars, or a hundred."

"It is a hard thing," pursued Mr. Conroy, "for a young man to get along with an extravagant wife. When clear of the world, the case is not so bad. And even then the husband must keep a tight hand sometimes."

"Miss Vernon may not have been brought up in any extravagance but that of finery," said Mrs. Conroy. "We know not how close may have been the economy practised by her mother and herself in their house-keeping."

"How should we?" remarked Abby Louisa, "They were not at all in our circle."

Selfridge, extremely disconcerted, felt much inclined to walk away, and Mrs. Conroy and her daughter, perceiving that the venom had taken effect, exchanged looks of congratulation.



## CHAPTER XV.

ABBY LOUISA, in consequence of a whispered hint from her mother, began to complain of the fatigue of sitting, and said, " Mr. Selfridge, suppose we walk round and look at the dancers. I think there is space enough for us to get along without much difficulty."

Selfridge, though he now regarded the Conroys with something nearly resembling disgust, had not at this time sufficient self-possession to devise any excuse for declining the proposal; and silently offering her his arm, he conducted her round the room. Elated at exhibiting herself with a gentleman so very eligible, Abby Louisa prated with unusual fluency, and with an affectation of great sweetness; but Selfridge, too *distract* to hear the half she said, answered slightly and at random. Having made the circuit, she stopped with him close to the cotillion in which Althea was dancing gaily with her southern gentleman, and Miss De Vincy with Lansing; while the Englishman and

Wilhelmina made a third couple, and Julia Dimsdale with the handsome Frenchman, a fourth.

Sir Tiddering, who had much the air of quizzing his partner, was walking the figure at prodigious strides. Wilhelmina tried in vain to slide about without actually dancing, but, accustomed to the steps she had learnt at school, forgot herself continually, and jumped out in a way that added to her confusion; particularly when she could not but perceive the significant looks that he endeavored to exchange with the gentlemen of the cotillion, but of which they very properly took no notice. The roughness of the gold embroidery on her stockings was almost intolerable to her feet and ankles. The heat and the flurry kept her face in a constant perspiration, and she injudiciously wiped it with her gold-sprigged handkerchief, till it was scarred with scratches. Selfridge, now fully awake to the subject, looked with surprise at this new instance of handkerchief-folly in the form of gold embroidery. Althea looked too; and in regarding Miss Vandunder's, "a change came o'er the spirit of her dream," and extraordinary handkerchiefs began to seem vulgar to her. She had also observed that Miss De Vincy's was of plain cambric, simply bordered with a handsome edging.

"Is not Miss Vernon's *mouchoir* magnificent?" whispered Abby Louisa to Selfridge, as they stood

by the cotillion. He looked at it, and looked with regret, while Althea thought he was admiring it. "Miss Vernon"—said Abby—"may I ask the loan of your handkerchief for a moment? I left mine with mamma, and something has gotten into my eye."

Althea lent it to her; and Miss Conroy, after wiping nothing out of her eye, began to show the handkerchief to Selfridge; descanting to him, at full length, on its beauties and its consequent costliness. Its beauties he regarded coldly, and its costliness gave him a sensation of sorrow. He felt himself disappointed in Althea, and he feared she was not the woman with whom he could pass his life happily.

Our heroine now bethought herself of Miss Fitzgerald's name in the centre of the handkerchief, and her fears were excited almost to agony lest it should be perceived by Selfridge and Abby Louisa. She watched the direction of their eyes with an intensity that made her forget when her turn came to dance, till Lansing reminded her. She looked up to see if there was any chandelier or lamp in their immediate vicinity. There was not; and she could only hope that the light in this part of the room was not sufficiently strong to enable them to decipher the letters, which were so minute as to be but barely perceptible at any time. She would have been much

relieved had she known that the name did really escape their observation.

As soon as the figure of the dance brought her near Abby Louisa and allowed her to stop for a few minutes, she said to her in a tremulous voice—"Miss Conroy, I will thank you for that handkerchief." "Presently"—said Abby Louisa—"I want first to show it to mamma" adding in an under tone—"You need not be afraid; it is perfectly safe in my hands. I am accustomed to these things."

Poor Althea, knowing the close scrutiny it was to undergo from the sharp eyes of Mrs. Conroy, was so disconcerted that she now forgot the figure, and disordered the cotillion; and this of course, added greatly to her confusion. Her face changed alternately from red to pale, her hands shook, and her whole appearance denoted the utmost agitation. Selfridge looked at her a moment with wonder and compassion, and then averted his eyes lest she should be aware that he was observing her.

Miss De Vincy saw that something was wrong; and guessed, though with some surprise, that it was connected with the handkerchief; she had also overheard the rude speech of Abby Louisa—"My dear"—said she to Althea—"the heat has overcome you. Let me give you a few drops from my essence bottle. I always have a small one about

me." Then adroitly taking the handkerchief from Abby Louisa's hand, and pouring a little essence on one corner, she presented it to Althea, who could have exclaimed, "For this relief much thanks"—glad indeed to find it once more in her own hands.

"Come, Mr. Selfridge"—said Abby Louisa—"let us go and join mamma. I am tired, and if I walk about any more, you will find me a very languid partner in the cotillion."

Selfridge, who was just coming to a determination that he would *not* ask the hand of Althea for the next set, being now reminded that he was engaged to dance it with Miss Conroy, almost started as she brought it to his recollection. He felt that for him the pleasure of the evening was over; he could think only of Althea, and of her with perplexity and pain. He longed to escape from the ball-room, from the Conroys, and above all, from Abby Louisa. That young lady, after he deposited her beside her mother, took care to detain him, though she saw his uneasiness, till her father came up and addressed to Selfridge a long discourse, the subject of which was to prove that New York was the greatest city in the world, and her merchants the greatest men in the world; and that in no other spot on the face of the globe was mercantile business either properly understood or properly transacted.

In the meantime the set then on the floor was finished, and the gentlemen were conducting the ladies in search of resting places. Mrs. Vandunder, after she had grown tired of watching her daughter and Sir Tiddering, had taken the first vacant seat she found, and got into conversation with a full-dressed old lady from the northern frontier, who amazed her with accounts of the enviable cheapness of articles of British manufacture that were smuggled over from the Canada side.

When the set was over, she rose eagerly and proceeded half across the room to meet Sir Tiddering and Wilhelmina. "What have you done to my daughter's face?"—exclaimed Mrs. Vandunder. "Nothing, I protest"—replied Sir Tiddering—"I have not meddled with it, upon my honor. 'Tis only somewhat tattooed with that rather excruciating handkerchief which the young lady made the slight mistake of supposing might be useful as well as ornamental. And now, Miss Wilhelmina, since this respectable person is at hand, I'll resign you to her charge; for I ordered a gaulantine and a saulmi in my room, with a bottle of Sauterne; and they must be ready by this time." So saying, he strolled off, stopping with the young men near the door to ridicule his late partner.

"You must not quiz my sister's dancing"—said

Billy Vandunder, as he passed the group in conveying a glass of lemonade to his late partner.

"Why should I"—replied Sir Tiddering—"I did not expect to see a Taglioni."

"*Lex talionis*"—said Billy—"blessed are they that expect nothing—nobody will bear pulling to pieces, and it's best not to be too critical; but I think, as a *cup de oil*, Wilhelmina Vandunder is not to be sneezed at."

"I never sneezed at a lady in my life"—said Sir Tiddering—"is it the custom in America?"

Fearful of becoming *excited*, the patroon walked away without returning an answer.

"How I hate that fellow"—said Wilhelmina—throwing herself into a seat—"I am all but certain he has had the impudence to be making fun of me the whole time I was dancing with him."

"Oh! that is just your notion"—replied the mother, sitting down and fanning herself. "It was only his English way. To be sure I did not much like his calling me a respectable person; but we shall understand him by and by. What did he mean by a Gallatin and a Sammy in his room? We must not expect noblemen to be like other people. I hear that when he marries, his wife will be named *Lady*, and not *Mrs.* Only think of being Lady Tattering Tidderson."

“I won’t be any such thing”—said Wilhelmina—“for I fairly abominate him, and I’m out of all patience with every thing. You talk of my face! If you were only to see my feet! These horrid stockings have rubbed and scratched them till I’m sure the blood’s come. I’m suffering from head to foot, and I’ll not bear it another minute, ball or no ball. I’d rather live in the wild woods and be a squaw in a blanket, than go through all this for the sake of being dressed fashionable. And after all, I don’t believe I’m fashionable at last. I’ll go directly to my own room, and take off all my torments, and have something good to eat—that I will.”

“Mercy on the child!”—exclaimed Mrs. Vanderdunder—rather alarmed at this outbreak—“how she’s worked herself up.—Well, well, go to your room, and I’ll be with you presently, and see that you are comfortable. Look, here comes Billy—he shall take you up stairs. There now, don’t whine.”

When the set concluded, and the gentlemen led the ladies to their seats, Miss De Vincy said to Althea—“Now we will not dance the next. The room is warm and you look tired.—Come and sit by me, and let us have a little quiet chat till we are cool enough to venture into the open air of the



piazza, and then we will gaze on the ocean-view by moonlight."

"And contrast its awful sublimity"—said Althea—"with the giddy noise and frivolous glitter of the ball-room."

"And yet"—observed Miss De Vincy—"ball-rooms, sometimes, are very pleasant places."

"Sometimes," replied Althea—"But I begin to think that they have nothing to offer which can improve the heart, the mind, or even the taste."

"You are too young and too sprightly," said Miss De Vincy, "to forswear balls already. Dancing is a delightful and inspiring exercise; and in its intervals there may be much pleasant and animated conversation. Then there is certainly something very picturesque in the aspect of a spacious and lofty room, tastefully decorated, brilliantly lighted, and filled with people who are handsomely dressed and gaily participating in a graceful and exhilarating amusement. I have had much pleasure at balls."

"So have I," said Althea, sighing. The truth was, she had not yet recovered the annoyance caused by the handkerchief. She felt uneasy and dispirited, and had a presentiment that worse was yet to come, particularly when she perceived that the Conroys had changed their seats, and were now in her im-

mediate neighborhood on the other side of Miss De Vincy, with whom, however, Mrs. Conroy did not claim the boasted acquaintance. Althea began now to think of proposing to her companion an immediate removal to the piazza, that she might, on leaving the room, take an opportunity of running to her own apartment and depositing there the handkerchief, which she now regarded as nothing but a source of alarm and vexation. But before she could put this design into practice, Lansing came up and asked her hand for the next set, and Selfridge, who accompanied him, entered into conversation with Miss De Vincy. Althea, to whom nothing in the world seemed now so desirable as getting rid of Miss Fitzgerald's handkerchief, hastily replied to Lansing in the negative, and then watched for a pause in her companion's conversation, that she might propose leaving the room. Just then, Abby Louisa Conroy, who seemed to be her evil genius, leaned across and said to her, "Miss Vernon, will you allow me to ask the cost of that elegant handkerchief?" "I believe—I think it was eighty dollars," answered Althea, confusedly. "Strange affectation," thought Selfridge. "Does she wish to infer that to her the sum was a trifle not worthy of accurate remembrance?"

"May I inquire where you purchased it?" persisted Miss Conroy. "I bought it at Stewart's,"

replied Althea, coloring violently, "at least it was bought there." "A present, perhaps?" said her insolent persecutor. "It was not a present," said Althea, in a faltering voice.

Selfridge, surprised and grieved, turned hastily away; and Miss de Vincy compassionating the embarrassment and agitation of our poor heroine, and convinced that it was in some way caused by the handkerchief, immediately proposed to her a removal to the piazza.

"Oh! instantly—this moment!" exclaimed Althea, scarcely conscious of what she was saying, and taking the offered arm of Lansing, who gave his other to Miss De Vincy; while Abby Louisa, afraid lest Selfridge should escape with them, reminded him by a palpable hint that he was engaged to her for the next set, and that it would be well to seek for places in time. Just as Lansing and his two young ladies were passing Mrs. Conroy, she stopped them, and putting out her hand, said, "Miss Vernon, will you permit me to look at that splendid handkerchief? Abby Louisa has been describing it to me as the most exquisite thing she ever saw, and of course very superior to any that are in our family. But, in truth, men of business have so many calls for money that we do not venture to indulge in such remarkably expensive articles. Still, as we all like to look at pretty

things, and to examine their beauties at leisure, will you oblige me with this superb *mouchoir* till you return to the ball-room. I wish to show it to Phebe Maria, who I see is coming this way with that shadow of hers, Mr. Vandunder."

Poor Althea now saw no mode of escape. And she knew too well the character of her merciless tormentors not to be certain that when they discovered in the centre the name of Zelia Fitzgerald, they would not fail by some means to get the story whispered throughout the room. All presence of mind, all self-command now totally forsook her. She grasped the handkerchief with convulsive tightness, trying in vain to articulate a refusal of it. Her lips trembled—her voice was gone—she turned deadly pale; and heaving a deep sigh, her head fell back on Lansing's shoulder, and her eyes closed in a fainting fit.

## CHAPTER XVI.

THE friends of our unhappy heroine gathered round, and the group was soon environed by a close crowd, as is usually the case when a lady faints at a ball. "Let her be carried immediately to her room,"—said a physician who was present; and when Selfridge hastened to assist Lansing in this office, he heard Mrs. Conroy say to her daughters—"Now we can get that handkerchief"—and pushing her way among the people, she prepared to pick it up from the floor. To rescue it from the grasp of this malignant woman, and disappoint her pertinacious curiosity, Selfridge hastily set his foot upon it; and feeling much indignation at the unconscious gew-gaw, he trampled upon it rather too energetically, and then kicked it into a corner under a bench. The increasing denseness of the crowd prevented the Conroys from seeing what became of it.

Althea was carried to her apartment; and the physician, after recommending the usual remedies, and remaining till she showed signs of revival, re-

singed her to the care of Mrs. and Miss Dimsdale and Miss De Vincy; and as he returned to the ball-room to inform the company that Miss Vernon would now do well, he met Selfridge and Lansing in the corridor, waiting to hear his report.

When Althea recovered her consciousness, she found herself lying on her bed, disengaged from her ball-dress, and her three friends anxiously watching her. She started up, looked all round, and exclaimed wildly—"What has happened?—Have I fainted?—Where is the handkerchief? I do not see it!—It is lost—it is lost—I know that it is!" "What handkerchief, my dear?" asked Mrs. Dimsdale. Miss De Vincy made a sign to that lady not to persevere in the question: and bending down to Althea she whispered—"It is safe no doubt—such a handkerchief cannot easily be lost." "Such a handkerchief, indeed!"—sighed Althea. "Oh! that it were not such a one." "Compose yourself, my dear," said Mrs. Dimsdale; "you must not talk till you are perfectly recovered." "But the handkerchief," persisted Althea, sinking back on the pillow. "I *must* know if it is really lost; or, worse than all, if Mrs. Conroy has found it."

The Dimsdales looked much amazed. "Her head is confused," said Miss De Vincy; "recovering from a fainting fit is like waking from an oppressive dream. She will be more coherent after

a little repose." "Dear, excellent Miss De Vincy," resumed Althea, "will you not inquire for that handkerchief, and send some one to search for it in the ball-room?" "I will, indeed," replied her friend; "if you will promise not to speak a word till my return."

Miss De Vincy then left her, with the intention of sending for Selfridge to meet her in the upper parlor and commissioning him and Lansing to search for the handkerchief; still wondering at Althea's excessive solicitude about it, and grieved at the effect it had produced on her. To Mrs. Dimsdale and Julia, all this was enigmatical; but they had too much considerate kindness to disturb Althea by farther inquiries; and while Julia folded and put away the ball attire of her friend, Mrs. Dimsdale took her seat by the bedside in silence.

Miss De Vincy found Selfridge walking the corridor in evident perturbation, waiting impatiently for an opportunity of obtaining some further information respecting the condition of Althea. "Miss Vernon has recovered," said she—anticipating his question. "Will you oblige her by inquiring for a handkerchief which she dropped in fainting, and which, I believe, is a valuable one. Mr. Lansing, I am sure, will assist you in the search."

"That vile handkerchief!" exclaimed Selfridge, thrown entirely off his guard. "I believe I kicked

it under one of the benches. But I will go in quest of it." "She seems to think," pursued Miss De Vincy—"that you may possibly find it in the hands of the Conroys." "Then I will tear it from them," replied Selfridge, completely losing all command of himself.

Seeing her smile, he paused and continued in a milder tone—"Tell Miss Vernon that, as far as depends on me, she may assure herself of that handkerchief being restored to her." Lansing just then came up to inquire also after Althea, and Selfridge leaving him in the corridor with Miss De Vincy, ran down into the ball-room to fulfil his commission.

In the meantime we must go back a little (according to the frequent necessity of story-tellers,) and relate that when the bustle occasioned by the fainting of our heroine had subsided, Mrs. Conroy proceeded to look about for the handkerchief; but luckily, neither she nor her daughters had seen Selfridge spurn it under the bench. They had but one pair of eyes a piece, and all their eyes were at that moment, occupied by the intense interest he evidently took in Miss Vernon, and the agitation of his manner when he assisted Lansing in conveying her out of the room.

"Where can that mysterious handkerchief be?"



said Mrs. Conroy. "I am convinced it was the cause of her fainting."

"I dare say," observed Phebe Maria, "Miss De Vincy picked it up, and took it under her protection." "No matter," remarked Abby Louisa—"it is now of no farther consequence. Of course, none of us really care about examining the thing."

"Here comes Mrs. Vandunder," said Mrs. Conroy; "she has just got back into the room, and is making directly towards us: to inquire, I suppose, the cause of all this commotion. Let us avoid her, and go and talk to the Crokenwells, or the Rodenfields.—No, we won't—Billy has joined her."

"Really, mamma," observed Phebe Maria; "we pay very dear for Billy.—And I begin to think he will cheat us out of himself, at last."

"Not if we play our cards skilfully," replied Mrs. Conroy. "Young men that know themselves to be eligible are not very prompt in making up their minds, and are frequently off and on a dozen times before they are finally secured. And there, I protest, is Sir Tiddering; he has actually finished his supper already, and is talking of his own accord to both mother and son. The group is now worth joining; so let us go and ask them what has become of Wilhelmina; and we will make Mrs. Vandunder talk of her in a way that will render the

whole family still more absurd and vulgar in the eyes of the Englishman."

When Selfridge returned to the ball-room in search of the handkerchief, he found that there was a long recess in the dancing; the musicians having gone out to get their supper. The waiters were handing round refreshments; and some of the company were seated, while some, who had not been over-fatigued with dancing were exercising themselves in a promenade round the room: and some were standing in knots and talking. As he approached the bench under which his foot had deposited the handkerchief, a party that had been seated there rose and left the room to seek the cool air of the piazza. The handkerchief he found lying in a corner, quite out of view to all casual observers; and taking it up, he saw with vexation that it was soiled, rumpled, crushed, torn, and as he believed, entirely spoiled. The centre was so much injured that the delicately marked letters were entirely illegible; but Selfridge supposed, of course, that they had formed the name of Althea Vernon. He put it into his breast-pocket, and leaned against a window frame while he soliloquised on a subject so new to him.

"Well," thought he—"all that I can now do, is to replace this handkerchief by another exactly like it, if possible; or at least, of equal value. It was

absurd in me to give it such rough usage: but it is out of the question to return it to her in the state to which I have reduced it. What excessive folly in Althea Vernon to be the owner of a handkerchief, whose costliness has made it of so much importance as actually to interfere with her peace and comfort. She was evidently afraid to trust it a moment in possession of the Conroys. But I will not betray her weakness even to Lansing. I will return to the city early in the morning, purchase for her another handkerchief, similar or equal to this, and send it to her in an envelope; for I think I will not see her again. I must endeavor to subdue this fancy for Miss Vernon, and therefore it is best that our acquaintance should terminate. As Mr. Conroy says, a wife that gives eighty dollars for a pocket-handkerchief will not suit me. Fortunately I can have no reason to suppose that she regards me with any thing more than indifference." But, as Selfridge brushed the hair from his forehead in passing a pier-glass, he thought it just possible that perhaps she did.

He was now met by Lansing, who said to him—"Selfridge, I congratulate you on the recovery of Miss Vernon. I have just seen Mrs. Dimsdale, who reports that she is doing well. I believe none of her friends intend returning to the ball-room,

and Miss De Vincy desired me to inform Mr. and Mrs. Edmunds, that she will not appear again to-night. But the musicians have resumed their places, and it seems there is now to be waltzing. Are you not engaged to Miss Conroy?"

Selfridge started, and repeated the name of Miss Conroy, with one of those exclamations which gentlemen-readers can easily imagine, and which ladies need not know. "I *am* engaged to her," said he—"for a cotillion or something. But I can dance no more to-night, and with any of that hateful family I *will* not. Waltz with that girl!—my aversion!—my antipathy!—By heavens, I can do no such violence to my feelings. From this night, I abjure all acquaintance with every female of the name of Conroy."

"There's something more in this than meets the ear," said Lansing.

"No matter," resumed Selfridge.—"But do me the justice to believe, that I neither like nor dislike without sufficient cause, and that I can adduce good reasons for all I say, and for all I do."

"I doubt," replied Lansing, "if I can carry my credulity quite so far."

"Lansing," resumed Selfridge—"be still more my friend; take Miss Conroy off my hands. Make some excuse for me, (I know you are clever at

these things,) and if she must and will dance, waltz with her yourself."

"Truly, you are putting my friendship to a severe test," answered Lansing, "and my ingenuity also. *Mais allons*. What apology can I offer for you?"

"Any thing—nothing—say I'm sick, I'm dead'—or say, which is nearer the truth, that I am going to leave Rockaway early in the morning, and must retire to prepare for my departure."

"That is, you would rather pack your trunk and go to sleep, than dance with her lovely self. How your character will suffer!"

"I care not. You are going to the city in the morning?"

"Yes—but I like Rockaway so well that I shall return in the evening."

Lansing now proceeded to the Conroys, to excuse Selfridge to Abby Louisa; and he managed his task with so much address, that she could not seem otherwise than satisfied, and was also not the least displeased at the opportunity of exhibiting herself in the waltz with a partner still more eligible than the very palpable inamorato of Althea Vernon. Sir Tiddering, whose supper had put him into an extremely good humor, was actually seen whirling along with Phebe Maria, to the manifest triumph of her mother, who hinted to Mrs. Van-

dunder, "that the baronet, having found his attempt on the heart of her eldest daughter quite hopeless, was now transferring his *devoirs* to the younger."

"Well—she'd better have him then," said Mrs. Vandunder, tartly. "That is, if she can get him. Thank fortune, none of my family is necessiated to take up with no foreigners. We have not come to that yet, and I hope we never shall. They don't seem to suit: for they're nothing like our natural selves."

Selfridge retired to his room, from whence he despatched a concise note to Miss De Vincy, requesting her to tell Miss Vernon that her handkerchief should be sent to her on the following evening. When this billet was communicated to our heroine by her friend, who was now alone with her, (the Dimsdales having retired, as their assistance was no longer necessary)—Althea exclaimed—"But, if Mr. Selfridge has found the handkerchief, why does he not relieve my anxiety by restoring it to me at once?" "Probably," replied Miss de Vincy, "it has become soiled from lying on the floor, and he is going to send it to a laundress, before he returns it to you." "Men know nothing about such things," said Althea. "It will never more look like a new handkerchief; no matter how skilfully it may be done up. And the lace that trimmed it—who will quill it on again to look as it did be-

fore? Oh! how I wish I had never carried that handkerchief into the ball-room!"

Miss De Vincy, unable to understand the extreme importance she attached to this handkerchief, now persuaded her to try earnestly to compose herself to sleep. Althea smiled faintly, and pressed the hand of her friend as she took leave of her for the night, but murmured—"My sleep, I fear, will be but little."

## CHAPTER XVII.

NEXT morning our heroine felt a great inclination to pass the whole day in her room; but the fear of exciting remarks and perhaps invidious ones, made her wisely determine to endeavor to appear as usual; though she knew that it would be a hard task. Her friends expressed their pleasure on seeing her at the breakfast table, from which many of the young ladies, and all the Conroys, absented themselves on account of the fatigue of the ball; and also, because nearly all the gentlemen (including Selfridge, Lansing, Mr. Dimsdale, and Mr. Conroy,) had gone up to the city. Althea looked pale, and felt nervous and out of spirits. She was restless, *distract*, and had a presentiment that the adventure of the handkerchief was not yet over. Still, her chief fear was that Selfridge had observed that the name on it was not her own.

Miss De Vincy devoted much of her time during the day to Althea Vernon, and her conversation (in the course of which she related many amusing and interesting anecdotes of her visit to Europe) suc-



ceeded in beguiling the attention of our heroine from the contemplation of her own troubles.

“I have a presentiment”—said Althea—“that at some future period I shall cross the Atlantic myself; and when I have done so, I will endeavor to enjoy with my whole heart whatever I meet with that is in the least enjoyable—trying my utmost to refrain from the common practice of continually making invidious comparisons between the old world and the new.”

“You are right”—answered Miss De Vincy—“that constant disposition to regard everything on one side of the water with reference to similar things on the other side, is the besetting sin of the travelers of two nations whose unity of language and whose common origin ought, above all others, to ensure a reciprocity of good feeling and mutual forbearance. Both England and America have respectively so much to be proud of that each can well afford to allow their due value to the peculiar advantages of the other. England may be likened to a lady of stately form and noble demeanor, whose mature beauty, however, is much assisted by the plumes and jewels that adorn her head, and by the ermined velvet that forms her drapery; while her daughter America, in all the bloom and freshness of youth, with beaming eye, glowing

cheek and buoyant step, needs nothing but a dress of simple white muslin and a few roses to entwine in her hair."

"For my part"—said Althea—"I must confess that I wish no abatement in the purple and gold of the old world till I have had an opportunity of seeing something of it. As the children say, I like a good show, and I should visit England as I would a theatre for the purpose of beholding a fine melodrama with splendid decorations, elegant dresses, grand processions, and, last not least, an exciting story. And the more I saw to remind me of feudal times, and of a state of society that has long since passed away, the more I should be pleased. Whatever old castles may now be 'toppling to their fall,' I hope will continue standing till I have a chance of seeing them; and if their roofless turrets are inhabited by owls and bats, if trees grow in their halls, and wild-flowers fringe their ramparts, so much the better."

"And better still"—observed Miss De Vincy—"when we know that their names or those of their most distinguished owners have held conspicuous places in the annals of Britain, that wonderful island whose whole history is an evidence of the might of human intellect. Often when viewing the remains of these noble and ennobled structures did I find

myself repeating from a charming but almost forgotten poetess:\*

Ye towers sublime, deserted now, and drear,  
Ye woods, deep sighing to the hollow blast,  
The musing wanderer loves to linger near,  
While history points to all your glories past.

“I pity every one”—said Althea—“who visits Europe (and particularly England) with a mind unprepared by reading or by other previous knowledge, for the enjoyment and comprehension of its finest and most interesting features. By the time *I* go, I hope I shall be capacitated to see things understandingly.”

“Of that I have no doubt”—said Miss De Vincy, kindly—“and then you will not return home, like many of our young ladies, with impressions so slight that in a short time they will fade away from your mind as if they were only the dim and confused perceptions of a dream.

“And yet”—resumed Althea—“I have really no idea from which of the novelties of England I should derive the highest pleasure; whether from the magnificence of the existing time, embellished by the amazing improvements of modern art; or

\* Charlotte Smith.

from the vestiges of greatness and power that constituted 'the light of other days.'

"You may be highly gratified and deeply interested with both"—replied Miss De Vincy—"and there is much in England that unites the grandeur of the past with that of the present. For instance in that time-honored castle which was once the almost regal residence of the 'proud setter-up and puller-down of kings.' Could you behold those rock-founded towers, now green with masses of ivy, and not think of that eventful period when

The princely Warwick and the Nevils all  
Were up in arms—

and when the ensigns of the rival roses floated in turn over their battlements; and then, after pausing awhile in the antique hall with its wainscotting of carved oak and its trophies of the combat and the chace, how you would admire the elegance with which the apartments are furnished throughout the whole immense edifice. So it is at Windsor, the rural retreat of the English monarchs from the days of the Conqueror to the present time. Seven centuries have passed over its massive walls without impairing their strength. Their outside is vast and dark, and tells of other ages; their interior is enriched with some of the finest creations of the mo-

der pencil, and decorated with a taste and splendor which leaves nothing for the eye to desire."

"Oh! how delightful it must be"—exclaimed Althea—"to visit those countries where you are alternately reminded of the venerable magnificence of the past, and the refined elegance of the present. And yet I am too good an American to wish that we had castles and palaces in our own country, however ornamental they might be to our scenery."

"Nature has done so much for the scenery of America"—said Miss De Vincy—"that it requires no assistance from art. Let the natives of the old world look back with pride to their past; and when visiting the land of our forefathers we will join them in regarding with interest whatever is connected with their history, their literature, and their improvement in all that embellishes life and adds to its conveniences. But our own path is onward, our own gaze is upward, and visions of future glory are shining brightly before us. Let us never forget that we belong to a community over whose vast territory, extending nearly from ocean to ocean, the blessings and the comforts of life are widely diffused; where industry is the certain road to wealth, and where talent is never suffered to pine in obscurity. Well can we dispense

with the 'pride, pomp, and circumstance' that glitters in Europe around the privileged few, and consigns the many to a youth of hopeless toil or of vagrant vice, and to an old age of utter destitution."

## CHAPTER XVIII.

JUST as our heroine returned to her room to dress for dinner, she had the gratification of receiving an affectionate and entertaining letter from her mother at New Manchester.

“Ah!” soliloquized Althea—as she folded up and put it away—“how dear mamma would grieve if she knew what strange sufferings I have brought on myself by indulging my nonsensical fancy for that hateful handkerchief. Only let me have it once more in my possession and I will enclose it in a little box by itself, and never look at it again till I restore it to the right owner. But I much doubt if I shall find it in a fit state to present to her. It will then be my duty to replace it with another, for which purpose I shall have, for a while, to use the most painful economy in my own expenses; as I am resolved that dear mamma shall be put to no inconvenience by my absurdity. And, worse than all—have I not violated my sense of right and tarnished my integrity, by meanly using the property of another, and attempting a deception in wishing

it to be considered as my own. To act a falsehood, is nearly the same as to speak it. And then, if all should be discovered—how contemptible I shall have made myself—and for what?”

In the afternoon, most of the company went to ride; and those that did not, were loitering in the piazza and at the front windows, to see them set out.

Sir Tiddering Tattersall came up to Wilhelmina, and said, he was monstrous glad to see her able to take the field again, as last night she was quite “knocked up.”

“Knocked up—” said Wilhelmina—“I don’t know what you mean—I can’t attempt to understand English.”

“Oh! you were certainly knocked up, when you had to give in.”

“Give in.”

“Yes—in consequence of pinching shoes, excoriating stockings, squeezing corsets, screwing hair strings, scarifying handkerchiefs, and all the other evils that young ladies’ flesh is heir to—particularly on ball-nights.”

“Mamma,” said Wilhelmina—“he is talking to me about all sorts of bad things—I know he is”——

“Sir Tattering Tiddering,” said Mrs. Vandun-



der, bridling—"I'd have you to understand, that me and my daughter was never used to no disrespect from nobody. People from the old country an't half as particular as they ought to be. But we Americans is always delicate."

"So I perceive, madam," answered Sir Tiddering. "And I have not the least doubt, that you and the whole Yankee population are very respectable people."

"There, only hear him, ma'," cried Wilhelmina—"he's calling us respectable again—and Yankees beside."

"It's just like him," said Mrs. Vandunder—her face turning scarlet with anger.—"Him and all his countrymen is made up of brass and sass."

"Brass and sass!" said Sir Tiddering—"a capital combination that—I'll just put it down (taking out his note-book,)—it will figure in my journal. Sass, I suppose, is for the sake of the rhyme."

"Ma'—I told you he was all the time making fun of us," said Wilhelmina.

"The patience of Job could'nt have put up with an Englishman," ejaculated Mrs. Vandunder; and turning her back to him, she walked majestically away, fanning herself exceedingly. Seeing her son Billy, who was reclining on some chairs at a little distance and listening with a broad grin, she hasten-

ed to make her complaint to him. "I declare," said she—"that fellow han't no more manners than a grizzly bear, and he looks just like one."

"*Brutum fulmen*," said Billy—"there's no doubt of that. But remember, he's a baronet."

"Then, of all noblemen keep me from baronicks," cried Mrs. Vandunder. "I would not allow you, nor myself, nor even Wilhelmina, ever to speak to him or look at him again, if it wasn't for spiting the Conroys."

"That's right," replied Billy—"my way exactly—always spite the Conroys. But see, Sir Tiddering has drawn Wilhelmina to the far end of the porch, and is whispering to her. You had better go and look after them, as you are always such a *propria persona*."

Mrs. Vandunder hastily turned about, and scuttled towards them as fast as she could; followed at a distance by Billy. She pulled Sir Tiddering by the sleeve, exclaiming—"What are you saying to my daughter? Any thing improper?"

"Very probably," he replied—"I am asking her to take a ride with me in my buggy, and she seems rather skittish at the name of the vehicle."

"Well she may," replied Mrs. Vandunder. "It's hard to get over these things for people as is polished."

Just then Sir Tiddering's servant brought round

the buggy, in which two horses were harnessed tandem. "That's really a stylish set out," observed Billy; "quite a neat concern." The dull face of Wilhelmina brightened, and that of her mother shone with pleasure. "To go or not to go?" said Sir Tiddering.

"Oh! certainly," replied Mrs. Vandunder—softening her voice and smiling prodigiously. "It an't polite for a lady to object to ride with a gentleman, after he's had his chaise brought to the door on purpose. Upon my word it looks very genteel. Wilhelmina, (in a low voice) you know when we talk to the Conroys about it, we can call it a *chinchy*. Go up stairs, and get on your pink satin bonnet and your laylock shawl, and be ready to wait on his lordship immediately. Think what a dash you'll cut, with two horses Indian file."

Wilhelmina departed with unusual alacrity, Sir Tiddering conducting her to the hall door, and lingering there a few moments to conquer his inclination to laugh. By this time, there were many additional spectators assembled in the piazza; the Conroys had been all the while peeping through the shutters of the saloon. When Wilhelmina re-appeared, Sir Tiddering handed her into the buggy, jumped in beside her, touched his leader with the whip, and turned the corner of the hotel. "*Tandem triumphans*," said Billy.—"Well, after all,"

ejaculated Mrs. Vandunder—"there's no gentleman in the known world equal to an English baronick, when you once get acquainted with him. Poor Mrs. Conroy must be quite lonesome there in the big parlor, and nobody near her but her daughters. I'll go in and set with her a while."

## CHAPTER XIX.

As soon as Selfridge arrived in the city, he hastened to Mr. Stewart's emporium of fashion, unwilling to excite remarks or give rise to conjectures by confiding the commission to any one of the ladies he was acquainted with. Taking with him the defaced handkerchief as a pattern, he was so fortunate as to find one exactly like it that was yet unsold. He immediately made the purchase, intending to seal it up in a blank envelope and send it to Miss Vernon. On his way down Broadway to his lodgings, previous to the dining hour, he overtook Lansing, who lived at the same house, and Selfridge inquired if he would take charge of a little parcel and deliver it to Miss Vernon, on his return that evening to Rockaway.

"Are you really not going back thither yourself?" asked Lansing.

"No," replied Selfridge—"I shall proceed to Philadelphia to-morrow in the early boat, and pass a day or two in that city—or probably a week, or a fortnight, or, perhaps, a month."

"And where then?" inquired Lansing.

"I do not know—perhaps I shall go to the coal region, or to the North Carolina gold mines—perhaps to the Virginia Springs, or to Cincinnati—I may take a voyage down the Mississippi to New Orleans—or I may go round to Boston, by way of the lakes."

"Your route, indeed, seems very undecided," observed Lansing. "But when shall we see you here again?"

"I do not know. One thing is certain: I shall not settle in New York."

"I regret to hear you say so," rejoined Lansing. "Yesterday, you seemed to admire every brick in our houses, and every flag-stone in our pavements, and would not permit me to apologise for the dustiness of the grass, and the scantiness of the trees, in the place we call a park. Then, you thought even the flattest and tamest parts of our sea-coast wonderfully picturesque and romantic—Rockaway, in particular."

"Do not laugh at me, Lansing," said Selfridge—"that is all over now."

"What is all over? Have you discovered that there is no chance of prevailing on the lovely Miss Vernon to accept your addresses?"

"I have never addressed Miss Vernon."

"Not exactly, perhaps, in good set terms. You

have only given her every possible reason to suppose that she might look for the important question at any minute. Selfridge—it is unpardonable in our sex to trifle as we do with the feelings of women.”

“Feelings!—What feelings, what sensibility can exist in the heart of a woman who, without any extraordinary wealth to excuse such extravagance, can be so vain and so silly as to expend eighty dollars on a single pocket handkerchief?”

“And has Miss Vernon been guilty of this folly?”

“Yes; she has—and probably of many others similar in character. With such a wife, what chance of happiness can a man expect?”

And then, Selfridge, notwithstanding his resolution to the contrary, could not forbear confiding to his friend the story of the handkerchief, as far as he knew it, and according to the light in which it appeared to him.

“I am sorry to hear all this,” said Lansing. “I had hoped better things of that very pretty little girl, with whom Miss De Vincy, a woman of sense and observation, is evidently desirous of cultivating a friendship. Listen to me, Selfridge. I advised you at the beginning of your *penchant* for Althea Vernon, not to proceed too rapidly; but to allow yourself time to understand something of her dispo-

sition and habits. Of her vivacity, intelligence, and beauty, there can be no doubt; and fascinated by them, you have unthinkingly allowed your admiration to become apparent to every one, and certainly to the young lady herself."

"Have I, indeed," exclaimed Selfridge, eagerly. "But do you think—do you believe—that there is any hope—fear I mean—of her being favorably impressed towards me."

"I know not," replied Lansing; "but Miss Vernon, I am convinced, is not one of those very susceptible young ladies, who will fall in love with any man whatever, merely because he seems to think her handsome."

"But I am not 'any man whatever,' " said Selfridge, smiling.

"Very true," rejoined Lansing. "So I will beg your pardon for the *lapsus linguæ*, and make the *amende honorable* by acknowledging you to be an extremely well-looking personage, of fine figure, fine hair, fine eyes, and fine teeth—in short, *fait à peindre*. Also, I confess you a gentleman of good connections, good character, and good talents, educated at college, familiar with the best society, and possessing sufficient private fortune to establish yourself handsomely in an extensive business whenever you choose to begin. There now—are you satisfied?"



"Perfectly," said Selfridge, half laughing; "and I ought, in gratitude, to return all these compliments; particularly as I can do so without any violation of truth. But, though it is a very pretty amusement to be thus enacting *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, I would rather just now have an answer to my question concerning Miss Vernon."

"That is, you would rather hear that Miss Vernon, if solicited to become Mrs. Selfridge, might probably be induced to consent; and, indeed, I know no reason why she should not. I must own I never saw her frown at your civilities, or avoid your society. I am not sure that the roses on her cheeks did not assume a deeper glow, and her eyes sparkle more vividly, when you were talking to her. Still, perhaps, it was only the delight of gratified vanity."

"She has no vanity," said Selfridge.

"Well, well—have it as you please," pursued Lansing. "'She is a woman, therefore, may be won.' But thus far I will counsel you. In your fear of deciding too soon, do not err on the other side and be too fastidious. Neither should you consider the follies of gay and unreflecting youth, like so many mortal sins, Edgar Mandlebert fashion. Give up, for the present, this wayward scheme of chasing the points of the compass all round the Union. Return to Rockaway. See Miss Vernon—and then—*vogue la galère*."

Selfridge made no immediate reply; but his brow cleared, his eye brightened, he sprung lightly up the steps of their residence, and before entering the door, he turned to Lansing and shook him warmly by the hand.

## CHAPTER XX.

It was towards the decline of the afternoon, that our heroine and Miss De Vincy were walking on the beach; Julia Dimsdale remaining in her room to write letters, and Mrs. Dimsdale having taken Mr. and Mrs. Edmunds on a ride with the children in her own carriage. Althea was unusually pensive, and Miss De Vincy endeavored to entertain without fatiguing her. They came to the fragment of the storm-wrecked vessel, which was now sunk deeper in the sand, and with its thick clusters of sea-weed had become dry in the sun. The two young ladies spread over it the shawls which they had carried on their arms, and sat down to rest themselves, and to gaze at the untiring ocean-view, over which was louring a distant mass of dark and heavy clouds portentous of a thunder-storm.

Suddenly they were startled by the voice of Selfridge, who having just-arrived from the city, came down at once to the beach, finding that Miss Vernon and her friend had gone thither. Althea cast

down her eyes on seeing Selfridge, and turned not red but pale, and caught herself beginning to mark the sand with the point of her parasol. After the first salutations were over, Selfridge producing the packet, presented it to Althea, who, on opening it, perceived that the handkerchief was entirely new, and that there was no name in the centre-piece.

"Oh! Mr. Selfridge," she exclaimed; "this is not the handkerchief I lost."

"It is not," said he.—"To the original, of which this is a duplicate, I had unthinkingly given such rough usage after you dropped it last evening, that it was no longer in a fit state to return to a lady. You must allow me to replace it with another, which I hope will be found in no respect inferior."

A hundred conflicting thoughts and feelings now rushed through the mind and agitated the heart of our heroine. The most predominant were, regret that Selfridge should have incurred the expense of purchasing another handkerchief, and fear that he had perceived the name of Miss Fitzgerald.

"Did you," she asked, in a tremulous voice,—  
"Mr. Selfridge, did you observe the name marked in the centre?"

"I saw no name," said he, looking much surprised. "It must have been effaced before I took up the handkerchief, which as I told you, had been

very rudely treated, particularly by my unthinking self."

Althea, overcome both with joy and sorrow, hid her face with her hands and burst into tears. Selfridge, amazed and disconcerted, gazed for an instant, and then looked towards Miss De Vincy, who put her arm within his, and drew him away. "Let us," said she in a low voice—"give Miss Vernon time to recover herself. It will be better than to make an attempt at consoling her; for as we know not the cause of her agitation, we may rather increase than dispel it."

They then retired to a little distance, walking farther up the beach.

After Althea had indulged in a copious flood of tears, she began to feel more composed, and asked herself what Miss De Vincy would do in a similar predicament. The answer rose at once to her mind, and pausing a while to call up all her resolution, and gain something like firmness to effect her purpose, she endeavored to dry her eyes and summon courage to walk towards her friends; but finding that her steps tottered, she resumed her seat, and signed to them to return.

Althea held out a hand to each, and said in a tone in which extreme confusion struggled with her desire to act rightly, "Mr. Selfridge—my dear

Miss De Vincy—I can no longer forbear an explanation which, though sadly humiliating to myself, is due to you both—due to the kindness—the interest”——

Here her voice failed—and tears again came to her relief. Her friends regarded her with deep compassion, and besought her to spare herself any disclosure which might give her pain. “Oh, no,” said she; “when it is once over I shall feel better.” And then with blushing cheeks and tearful eyes, she candidly related the story of Miss Fitzgerald’s handkerchief, disguising no motive and suppressing no fact. The looks of both her friends brightened when they found it only an illustration of girlish folly, bringing with it its own punishment of annoyance, vexation, fear of discovery, and consequent mortification. And Selfridge felt extreme delight when he found that neither she nor her mother had been in reality the purchasers of the unlucky gewgaw.

“At the same time,” continued Althea, “it is impossible for me to accept this new handkerchief from Mr. Selfridge. Whatever inconvenience it may cost me, justice requires that I should abide the consequences of my absurd and incorrigible fancy for such a bauble; and my unprincipled folly in presuming to pass off as my own, a piece of extravagant finery which did not belong to me.

By economising strictly in my other expenses, I can myself have ready an embroidered handkerchief of equal value, to give to Miss Fitzgerald on her return from the north. This I will do, and if necessary, explain to her the whole, even at the risk of her whispering the tale to her acquaintances and spreading it among mine; though I well know the unfortunate secret to be perfectly safe with Miss De Vincy and with Mr. Selfridge."

Miss De Vincy kissed the cheek of Althea, and directed to Selfridge a look so eloquent, that he understood it in a moment. With a heightened color and a beaming eye, he said to our heroine.—“For *my* honor—for *my* secrecy—I can offer a sure guaranty—my hand."

“Your hand,” said Althea—starting.

“My hand—my name—my heart."

Althea now again covered her eyes. She turned appealingly to Miss De Vincy, who said to her—“My dear Althea, Mr. Selfridge only desires to know if he may be allowed to hope. He is not so vain or so unreasonable as to expect his offer to be accepted, after so short an acquaintance, and without the sanction of your mother."

“Oh! no, indeed,” said Althea; “mamma, dearest mamma must know all."

At this moment they were joined by Lansing, who had accompanied Selfridge from the city, but

had purposely allowed himself to be detained in the piazza by the Conroys that he might not arrive too soon at the beach, and be considered *Monsieur de Trop*. A glance told him the situation of affairs, and giving his arm to Miss De Vincy, he said—“Come, we must all turn our steps towards the hotel, or we shall be overtaken by the storm. The sea-birds scream as they fly home for safety, and the fishermen are mooring their boats along the shore.”

Miss De Vincy cast her eyes toward the sea, which the rising wind was covering with spots of foam. Already the zig-zag lightning quivered along the low and gloomy clouds and glared over the darkened water, and the solemn roll of thunder was heard murmuring at a distance. And yet the sun was shining brightly from that small portion of the heavens which still retained its unclouded blue.

Lansing and Miss De Vincy preceded their companions on their way back to the hotel. “I knew,” said Lansing—“or rather I had a presentiment that Selfridge would offer himself as an appendage to the handkerchief.”

“Ah”—said Miss De Vincy; “you can know but the half of that story. It is but a few moments since Mr. Selfridge himself has been in possession of the whole. And the ingenuous explanation of Miss Vernon, has resulted as you suppose.”



"Selfridge has sped so rapidly in his wooing," said Lansing, "that it is very encouraging to his friends. I, for one, should like extremely to follow his example, if I thought I could do so with the same chance of success."

There was a pause, and Lansing continued—"I wish Miss De Vincy would remind me of the proverb, that 'Faint heart never won fair lady.' "

"That proverb cannot apply to Mr. Lansing," was her reply.

"Explain," said Lansing. "Is there a possibility that the fair lady may be won, or do you insinuate a compliment by implying that no one could suspect me of want of courage."

"Want of confidence, rather," said Miss De Vincy.

"Ah!" replied Lansing; "man is made up of inconsistencies. That is my favorite theory, and I am myself an evidence of its truth."

"Well, then," rejoined Miss De Vincy; "if by Faint-heart you mean yourself, I am going to frighten you by bringing you to the point at once.—Am I the fair lady that you think of winning?"

"Even so—your charming self."

"Very well—the sooner this affair is despatched the better. I am, then, to understand that, in fashionable parlance, you are addressing me."

"Certainly—consider yourself addressed."

Really," resumed Miss De Vincy, "there must be something peculiar in the air to-day—I wonder if the almanac predicts about this time—'*Frequent courtships, accompanied by immediate proposals.*' The saloon this evening will look like the stage in the concluding scene of a comedy. I suppose we shall see the patroon of Schoppenburgh drawn up with Miss Phebe Maria, and Sir Tiddering with Wilhelmina—not to mention our two friends that are walking so leisurely behind us."

"May we not add a fourth pair?"

"No, no," answered the lady; "I have not had half enough of the delights of a single life, and I am not yet inclined to surrender my liberty even for a chain of roses; a chain of which the thorns remain long after the flowers have faded. I just now reminded Miss Vernon of the shortness of her acquaintance with her inamorato, and mine with Mr. Lansing is shorter still. Besides, I have no doubt of finding some one I like better."

"Is there no one you at present like better?"

"Yes—twenty; with whom I am well acquainted, and all of whom I regard either as possible, probable, or positive lovers; at least if the usual symptoms are to be credited."

"No lover can be more positive than I am," said

Lansing. "How long a time do you think requisite for becoming well acquainted with me?"

"I shall never know you; as you say inconsistency is your characteristic."

"I spoke only of the general inconsistency of human nature."

"From which I am to suppose you are pre-eminently exempt. But I see large drops of rain indenting the water. So let us quicken our pace, or we shall not escape the approaching shower."

"I regard not the shower," said Lansing.

"But I do," replied the lady. "I regard it, just now, more than any thing else. There, do not talk any more, and do not take the trouble to look so complimentary.—Running home from the rain will be quite enough, without the additional fatigue of flirtation."

"Flirtation," rejoined Lansing; "I am serious—perfectly serious."

"Are you, indeed! Then the subject may be easily disposed of. Consider yourself refused."

"But I will not *stay* refused," murmured Lansing, as she quitted his arm on arriving at the portico of the hotel, in which they found the Edmunds and Dimsdale party, whose ride had been curtailed by the unfavorable aspect of the clouds.

In a few minutes, Selfridge and Althea came up,

and Miss De Vincy said to our heroine, "Were you not apprehensive of being caught in the storm?"

"What storm?" asked Althea, looking back towards the ocean. "For my part," said Selfridge, "I saw nothing but the gleam of sunshine."

## CHAPTER XXI.

THE tempest was now rapidly approaching: the last spot of blue disappeared from the sky, and the last sunbeam vanished. The air grew dark and darker, till a dense and heavy gloom had spread over sea and land.

“The wind swept the clouds rolling on to the main,”

and the scattered sand-heaps whirled in eddies along the shore. “The blackening waves were edged with white,” and the increasing roar of the breakers, seemed to vie in loudness with the coming thunder. The lightning no longer darted in arrowy lines from the opening clouds—it flashed out in vast sheets of glaring and intolerable light, instantly followed by tremendous peals that sounded like the volleying report of artillery lengthened by repeated echoes.

Most of the company at the Rockaway hotel were assembled in the saloon; and some remained in the portico watching the awful progress of the

summer storm, till the rain came on and compelled them to take shelter within doors. At length it subsided; gleams of cerulean brightness began to appear above the parting clouds, and a rainbow seemed to span the ocean with its prismatic arch. The setting sun now poured its glories from below the retiring vapors, its upward rays burnishing them with crimson and purple. The petrels had come out again, and were circling about the waves, and dipping their glancing pinions in the foam. And a ship that had taken in her sails during the storm, spread them once more to the cool and refreshing breeze that now blew from the west; and rapidly laid her course till she was diminished to a dark speck on the horizon.

Evening came; tea was over; and Mrs. Vandunder, who throughout the tempest had expressed great apprehension for Wilhelmina's pink satin bonnet, now testified equal alarm for the safety of the young lady herself; wondering incessantly that she and Sir Tiddering did not return. Billy assured her they must have stopped in somewhere for shelter, opining that both of them had at least sense enough not to keep out in the storm when houses were every where in sight. "Between you and me and the post," said he to his mother—"I am quite sure, that though he might think Wilhelmina

could stand a drenching well enough, he would not expose his horses to it: much less himself."

The stage from the city came in later than usual, having stopped at Jamaica during the worst of the storm; and Mr. Dimsdale, who was among the passengers, reported to Billy that they had seen a glimpse of Sir Tiddering and Miss Vandunder in one of the parlours of the inn, and that in all probability they had resumed their vehicle as soon as the rain had ceased; and, therefore, their arrival might be momentarily expected. Still they came not, and the general impression was that they had perpetrated an elopement, though for what reason was not very clear: and it was concluded that they had added another to the frequent instances of runaway matches, when there is nothing to run away from. Mrs. Vandunder talked and conjectured all the evening, and her son seemed really uneasy.

Early in the morning the patroon of Schoppenburgh proceeded to the city in quest of the fugitives. It was found that Sir Tiddering's servant had departed; having asked for his master's bill and paid it with money left with him for the purpose.

The day passed on very pleasantly to Selfridge and Althea: but Miss De Vincy, without appearing to avoid him, contrived to prevent Lansing from having the slightest conversation with her apart from the company.

When the afternoon papers arrived at Rockaway, they contained the following announcement—  
 “Married, last evening, at the City Hotel, by Mr. Alderman Bridlegoose, Sir Tiddering Tattersall, Bart. of Biggleswade Lodge, Berkshire, to Miss Wilhelmina Showders, daughter of the late Baltus Vandunder of Schoppenburgh.”

This notice was shown to Mrs. Vandunder, by a dozen different people; and her ill-concealed joy was very diverting, as, paper in hand, she announced it to the Conroys. “Dear me,” said she, “what a trying thing is the unobedience of one’s only daughter. Mrs. Conroy how happy you are to have two daughters both single, and likely to be so. To think that Wilhelminar should have give me the slip at last, and all of a sudden too! But to be sure it makes her an English noblewoman. “Miss Wilhelmina Showders’—(reading the paper.)—Showders was her grandmother’s maiden name. To think of *my* daughter being married without a white satin wedding-dress, and no bride-cake. ‘Sir Tiddering Tattersall, Bart.’ I see he has got another name that we did not know of. I wonder if Wilhelminar will be called Lady Bart? I suppose he will take her to England, and she will be put in the papers whenever she rides out or goes any where; as I am told they publish every thing the great people do. I wonder if her and the queen



will visit. However, it will make no difference with me. I shall treat every body just the same as if I was not a nobleman's mother-in-law. It is not right to take airs because we get up in the world; so I shall visit my old friends just as usual. Mrs. Conroy, I shall certainly call on you when we all get back to New York. For my part I shall start off to the city early in the morning, to see more about this business."

"Yes," said Mrs. Conroy, highly offended at the above *tirade*, "it will be well for you to do so. You may find him out to be a refugee pickpocket. He paid his addresses to both my daughters successively, (as is well known at Rockaway,) but we were all too prudent to run the risk of being taken in by him. We have lived too much in society not to know a gentleman when we see one."

On the following day, Althea Vernon received a letter from her mother informing her that she had returned to the city, in consequence of Mr. and Mrs. Waltham having been sent for to Albany on account of the severe illness of Mrs. Waltham's father. Mrs. Vernon informed Althea that if she was beginning to tire of her visit to Rockaway she wished her to return home, being now there to receive her. Althea was not tired of Rockaway; and Miss De Vincy thought of remaining there another week; Mr. Dimsdale's family were to stay

a few days longer, the Conroys were going home, the Vandunders *had* gone, and it had become very delightful to our heroine to have Selfridge as the companion of her rambles.

Selfridge, on hearing of Mrs. Vernon's return, went up to the city next morning with Lansing, carrying with him a letter from Althea to her mother. He came back in the afternoon looking highly delighted, and informed her that, introduced by Lansing, he had delivered the letter in person; that he found Mrs. Vernon a very charming woman, as he had anticipated; and that, having made known to her his connections and circumstances, he had requested permission to visit her daughter in the hope of being one day allowed to claim a nearer relationship.

The answer of Mrs. Vernon was favorable; and Althea being now very desirous of some confidential conversation with her mother, was glad when she heard Mr. Dimsdale say that some unexpected business requiring his constant presence in the city, his family had concluded to shorten their stay at Rockaway. It was decided that they should all return to town in the morning. Althea took a very affectionate leave of Miss De Vincy, with the expectation of seeing her shortly in New York. It is somewhat surprising that on leaving Rockaway our heroine did not look back on the ocean-scenery

with more regret, even though Selfridge *was* riding on horseback beside Mr. Dimsdale's carriage, and though he *did* sit his horse well and manage him gracefully.

Althea having marked very beautifully the name of Miss Fitzgerald on the new handkerchief, sent it to that lady in a blank cover as soon as she heard of her return from Canada. Miss Fitzgerald, who had attached so little consequence to the loss of the first that she had forgotten all about it, put the substitute among her other handkerchiefs and noticed it no more; being engaged in preparing for her return to the south.

Miss De Vincy and the Edmunds' family staid a week in the city after they came from Rockaway, during which time Althea saw them every day. They then proceeded on their contemplated excursion up the Hudson, returning to Massachusetts by the northern route. After this, Lansing's business obliged him to go very frequently to Boston. And when, by Miss De Vincy's invitation, Selfridge and Althea made her a visit at her house immediately after their marriage, (which took place in the spring,) they found that the friendship between Lansing and herself had so much increased that there was some probability of their concluding to pass their lives together.

Mrs. Vandunder kept her promise of calling on

the Conroys after their return to the city, and informed them that she had received a letter from her daughter, whom she now called Lady Wilhelminar Tattersall. It was dated from Saratoga Springs, (where Billy had joined them,) and it apprised her that they should be in town next week to sail in the first packet for London. Mrs. Vandunder did not show Mrs. Conroy the postscript, which ran thus—

“My husband is the best man in the world. He says I must let him take his course, and he will let me take mine. I never was so happy in my life. We have a parlor and a table to ourselves, and a luncheon before dinner, and a supper after tea. I have left off tight shoes and all my other torments, and go all day in a wrapper; for nobody sees me but my husband, and he says he don’t care how I look or what I do. I hope he will be just the same after we get to England.”

To conclude.—Sir Tiddering departed with his bride in the next packet, after taking care to obtain possession of her fortune, which saved him a while longer from the necessity of coming to the hammer, as he called it, and perhaps of going to live in one of the cheap towns on the continent.

Billy Vandunder “walks Broadway” as usual, and gives the cut *indirect* to the Conroys, who, being engaged in new pursuits, only toss their heads

at him. Mrs. Vandunder is married to a Pole, whose name she has not yet learned to pronounce.

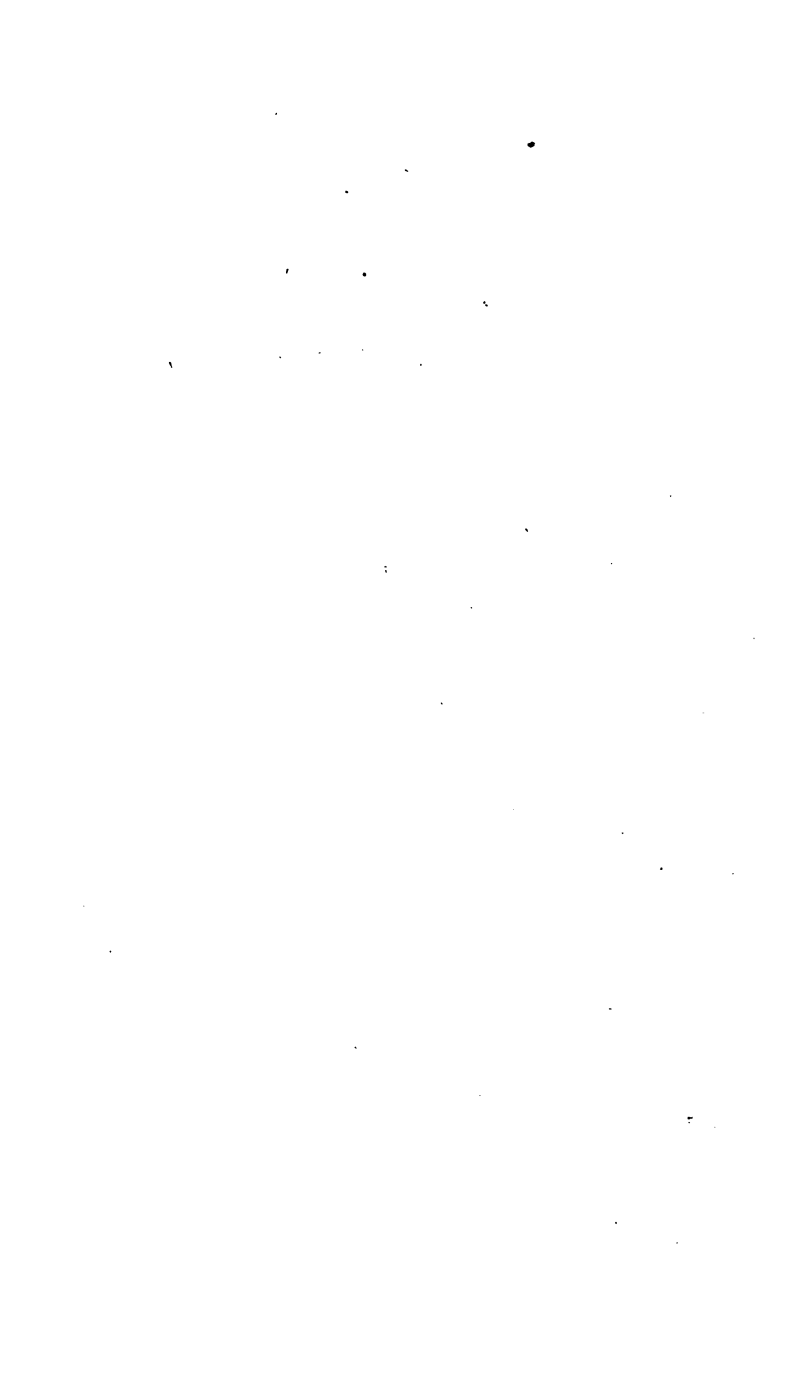
Selfridge, soon after his engagement to Althea Vernon, commenced a very advantageous business in New York. Lansing, on his marriage with Miss De Vincy, removed to Boston; but the easy communication between the two cities has brought the friends frequently together. At present they are all preparing to form a *partie quarré* and make a visit to Europe.

We need not assure our readers that Althea, as a wife, has never given her husband occasion to remember the embroidered handkerchief.

**HENRIETTA HARRISON;**

**OR,**

**THE BLUE COTTON UMBRELLA.**



## HENRIETTA HARRISON;

OR,

### THE BLUE COTTON UMBRELLA.

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“WELL, girls—I am educated!” exclaimed Henrietta Harrison, as she bounded into the back school-room of Mrs. Strickland’s seminary for young ladies; where, the business of that day being over, the most diligent of the pupils were engaged in learning their lessons and writing their exercises for the next.

“Educated, are you?” said Miss Davenport, looking up from her desk—“I wish I could say the same. But I do not believe that *my* education will ever be finished. Mamma says I am only just now beginning to get an insight into the various branches that I have been plodding at since I was six years old. I dare say I shall be kept at school till all my four elder sisters are married, for I overheard Mrs. Strickland hinting to mamma that



it was impolitic to bring out too many daughters at once. I wish I was taller and then it would be impossible to make me still pass for a child: unfortunately, I stopped growing at fourteen. But how do you know that you are educated? What proof have you!"

"I have just come up from Mrs. Strickland's front parlor, where uncle Mark Markham (who you know came to town yesterday,) has been settling all my bills for the last time, and I am to quit school at once, and he is to take me home with him to Markhamville, where he has been making a town for the last five years on some land that he bought in the back part of the state of New York, So you see I have said my last lesson, and written my last exercise; at least I hope so."

"Not so fast," said Miss Davenport.—"He may play you a trick, after all—like Maria Gidley's aunt, who, since she took her from school, has made her learn five times as much at home, and watches her ten times as closely as we are watched by Mrs. Strickland and all her teachers."

"No no, he will not," replied Henrietta.—"I have no fear of that. But I will tell you how all this happened. You know I dined with uncle Mark to-day, in a private parlor at the hotel."

"Yes, we know," responded Miss Duckworth.

"You must have had a charming dinner. How we envied you!"

"You had reason," resumed Henrietta; "for we had mock turtle, and macaroni, and lobster, and lemon pudding, and various other nice things that are unfortunately considered improper to be eaten every day, and that Dr. Gruelman represents as certain death to any but middle-aged gentlemen like himself. After dinner, uncle Mark (who said he could judge of me better when not in the presence of Mrs. Strickland) examined into the state of my accomplishments. So I sung to him '*Je pense a vous*,' and '*E serbata*,' and played him the overture to *La Cenerentola*; at which he was so tasteless as to fall asleep; and then when I stopped he waked up, rubbing his eyes, and asked for *Hail Columbia*, but I told him I had never seen the notes of it in my life, and that I did not know the thing when I heard it; upon which he shamed me, and almost made me cry. Then he called in one of the black waiters to whistle a cotillion, while I danced among seven chairs ranged as people. After this I talked Italian to him, and said, '*Vi auguro il buon giorno, signore*,'"<sup>\*</sup>—and '*godo di vedervi in buona salute*.'"<sup>†</sup>

\* "I wish you good morning, sir."

† "I am very glad to see you in good health."

"Oh!" said Miss Dummer—"you should have said, '*Come state,*'\*"—and then '*Sto molto bene vi ringrazzio.*'† They come next in the phrase-book, after '*vi auguro.*' "

"Pooh," replied Henrietta—"How should he know which was which? The poor man, (or rather the happy man) has learnt no language but his own. Think of the grammars, and vocabularies, and phrase-books, and translation tasks that he has escaped! And then I rattled over as fast as I could, '*La paletta, le molle, l'attizzatojo, la saliera, la pepajuolo, l'acerabolo.*'‡ Lastly, by way of finale to my Italian, I said that word of words, '*Sghignozzamento,*'§ and was proceeding with '*Conseiosciacossache,*'|| when he stopped his ears and bade me hush. Well, then he desired a specimen of my French, and as I never can remember any thing from *Telemaque* or from those dull old tragedies of *Racine*, I began to repeat the fable of *Le Renard et la Cigogne*: but not recollecting the whole, I pieced it out with *Le Renard et le Corbeau*, and strange to say, he detected me,

\* "How do you do?"

† "I am very well, I thank you."

‡ "Shovel, tongs, poker, salt-cellar, pepper box, vinegar-bottle."

§ "A fit of laughter."

|| "For as much as."

and asked me why I turned my stork into a crow; and then he said several other things that were rather annoying."

"You will find him too cunning for you, yet," observed Miss Burnet.—"These old uncles always know a great deal more than we suppose, and they have a way of discovering things no one can tell how."

"Now hear the rest," resumed Henrietta.—"I had taken with me to show to uncle Mark, my last sepia landscape, which was just finished. And notwithstanding that Mr. Mudford had sketched it himself in his most sketchy manner, and finished it with his own hand in his boldest style, my perverse uncle said at the first glance, that it looked to him like nothing but splotches dabbed on at random. Even when he put on his spectacles, he mistook the clouds for ragged cotton bags, with bits of cotton oozing out through the holes; and the mountains he thought were a row of extinguishers, and the trees whisk brooms and umbrellas. The cascade flowing down a dark perpendicular rock, he imagined to be a huge rolling-towel hanging on a kitchen door; the river, striped calico; and the abbey, he said, looked like one of Dr. Nott's stoves: the sheep and goats he called poultry, and the people he supposed to be fish standing upright. And when I assured him that it was only the bold

sketchy style, in which Mr. Mudford excells all other drawing-masters, he replied that nothing can be good if it is unintelligible."

"He is far behind the age, as papa would say," observed Miss Burnet.

"Well," continued our heroine—"after I had undergone a similar examination on all the other thousand things that I had been learning, he set himself back in the deep Spanish arm chair, and told me not to disturb him for he was going to think. So I went and looked out of the window, and only asked him four or five times if he had done thinking yet. At the end of half an hour he made a speech, in which he informed me that I was now sixteen, and that having taken good care of me since I came into his possession an orphan of six years old, and done his duty by having an education put at me, he had found me, on his three last annual visits to Philadelphia, retrograding instead of improving, for which, however, he was not sorry: the fashionable accomplishments, as they are acquired at fashionable boarding schools, conferring no possible pleasure or advantage on either man, woman, or child. Only think of his saying so!—after all the pain and trouble they cost us poor school-girls. It is well Mrs. Strickland was not within hearing."

"He is quite right," observed Miss Davenport.

"Am I not made thin and pale, and kept in a constant headache, with these perpetual studies and endless accomplishments."

"Oh! but you take them too hard," said the giddy Henrietta. "You are trying all the time to really learn this multitude of things, and to excel in every one of them. Now, for my part, I do not care whether I acquire them or not. All that I have picked up has been without any particular effort. Though I have no fancy for learning *out* of book, yet I like dearly to read *in* book; and, strange to say, I remember things best when I have not studied them. I intend in future to read prodigiously. Well—where was I in my long story. Oh! now I recollect! Uncle Mark finished by telling me, that as enough had been done in passing me through the usual routine, I might consider myself educated, according to the present acceptance of the word, having been kept at school the usual number of quarters; so that his conscience was now clear as to having done his duty by me in the eyes of the world."

"That was a very queer sort of talk," said Miss Dummer. "I do not quite understand it."

"No matter," resumed Henrietta; "*I* do perfectly. Well—the conclusion amounted to this.—He determined to take me with him to Markhamville, and there let me practise being mistress of

the house, under the guidance of his trusty and notable housekeeper, Mrs. Bowlby—who is to endeavor to make me a fit wife for any clever fellow that will be willing to take me off his hands. The dear good old man! how I thanked him!—particularly for that last part of his speech. I was on the point of promising never to tease him again; but I was afraid I should not be able to keep that promise. And then it will give him such an agreeable surprise, when he finds me turn out a tolerably good sort of girl, after all.”

“I wonder you are not wild with joy,” observed Miss Davenport.

“I am,” said Henrietta.

“And to think that you will be able to order what you please for dinner,” said Miss Duckworth. “If I were you, Henrietta, I would have gooseberry tart and custard every day, with plenty of sugar in the gooseberry, and plenty of spice in the custard; and I would have always at tea, iced queen cakes, and preserved limes, and pickled oysters; and every night, before I went to bed, I would have both cocoanut and pineapple.”

“Well—well—we shall see,” replied Henrietta—“and now I am all impatience to get off, and stay with uncle Mark at the hotel during the week that he will remain in town: and to do my own shopping and to buy whatever I choose. I shall

put half a dozen mantua-makers in requisition to fit me out for beginning the world at Markhamville. And to think of the delight of travelling. I, whose journeys have been confined to a ride to Fairmount, or to Bartram's Garden, or a voyage across the river to Camden. Oh! I forgot—I was once at Germantown."

In the evening, Mr. Markham took his niece to the theatre, and she so much delighted him by crying bitterly at the tragedy, and laughing heartily at the farce, and always in the right place, that he whispered to an old friend who had accompanied them, "The girl has some sense and some feeling, after all. Giddy and mischievous though she is, I believe I will let her quit Mrs. Strickland to-morrow, and keep her with me at the hotel till I start for Markhamville."

We will concisely pass over Henrietta's leave-taking of Mrs. Strickland, who bestowed on her abundance of good advice, as to practising five hours a-day on the piano, drawing one hour, devoting three hours to French, and four to Italian, and filling up the intervals with astronomy, chemistry, logic and philosophy, adding worsted work of evenings; it being only by this process she could keep up the accomplishments acquired at school. Notwithstanding the joy of her emancipation, our heroine took leave of her schoolmates with abun-



dance of tears, and to each of the poor teachers or sub-governesses, she privately gave some little present as a token of remembrance. "Henrietta, how I envy you," whispered Miss Duckworth—"you have eaten your last boarding-school dinner."

During the week that they remained in Philadelphia, Mr. Markham was much engaged with business of his own, and Henrietta found ample employment in shopping and in consulting with dress-makers, her uncle having allotted to her a certain sum for the outfit which ladies generally find necessary in removing from one place to another. This sum he cautioned her not to exceed, as he should on no consideration eke it out with even a single dollar. Henrietta had imbibed an idea that it was utterly impossible to take a journey without a gray pongee travelling dress and a drab-colored grass-cloth bonnet. But, in the mean time, she was so strongly tempted by various articles of finery, that she found there would be no money left for this particular costume. She did not, however, despair of coaxing her uncle out of this extra appropriation, and there was still time to buy the dress and have it made, and to purchase a bonnet; accordingly she broached the subject to him after breakfast, when he was just preparing to go out. "I will think about it," said he.

"Dearest uncle Mark, do not think long."

"I shall not—ten minutes will suffice." He took his seat in the Spanish arm chair, and thought steadfastly, while Henrietta fixed her eyes all the time on the watch that he had given her, after positively refusing to present her with a diamond ring.

"Well, uncle—the ten minutes are out," said Henrietta.

"I have thought"—replied he—"and the result is that I have made up my mind to give you no more money for any purpose belonging to this outfit. If you choose to seize upon the useless before you have secured the useful, you may abide by the consequences."

"But, uncle," said Henrietta, "it is utterly impossible for me to go to New York without a pongee travelling-dress and a grass-cloth bonnet."

"What will you do if you do not go?" asked the uncle.

"Then I shall stay behind?"

"What will you do when you stay behind?"

Henrietta turned away half crying, and made no answer.

"I am firm as a rock," said Mr. Markham. "I do nothing without mature deliberation. You shall neither have a grass-cloth gown nor a pongee bonnet."

"But I may have a pongee gown and a grass-

cloth bonnet—may I not, dear uncle?” said Henrietta—catching at a straw.

“Neither one nor the other—I do not know which is which, but you shall have neither. I have thought it and I have said it, and you might as well attempt to move Mount Holyoke. Among your numerous dresses, you can certainly find one that is fit for travelling, and I see no objection to the straw bonnet you are wearing now. At all events, you should have saved out sufficient money for the purpose, if you considered these pongee and grass-cloth things as articles of absolute necessity.”

There being no alternative, Henrietta found herself obliged to submit. Her uncle took his hat and went out for the morning, and she departed to make her final settlement with the dress-makers, and to provide herself with a travelling hand-basket, that she nearly filled with macaroons, and the bonbons called lemon drops, without which Miss Duckworth had assured her it was impossible to undertake a journey to New York, or indeed to any other place.

The clouds soon cleared away from the brow of our heroine, when she found that there was no remedy for her disappointment, and her uncle was glad to see that she met him at dinner with a smiling countenance, and also that she had been prac-

tising not only Hail Columbia but Yankee Doodle beside. By way of salvo for refusing the travelling costume, he went out and bought her a very handsome Thibet shawl, and in the evening he took her again to the theatre. On their way thither, he informed Henrietta that she would have a female companion as far as New York, for that Mr. Wimpole, an acquaintance of his, had requested him to take charge of his daughter to that city, where she was going to be bridesmaid at the wedding of one of her cousins.

On the morning of their departure, Henrietta, who had kept awake since three o'clock that she might not oversleep herself, was up and dressed long before five, precisely at which hour her uncle knocked at her door. He found her simply habited in a plaid silk frock and her straw bonnet, and as she gaily bade him good morning, his heart smote him that he had not indulged her according to her desire. They departed for the steamboat, where, as they sat on the deck, they were soon joined by Mr. Wimpole and his daughter. Rosabelle Wimpole was a tall willowy-looking girl, who seemed all a-droop. Immensely long ringlets, intermixed with downward flowers, dangled down her cheeks and over the front of her neck. On one side of her bonnet hung a long drooping spray of pallid roses, and a green veil. Her dress seemed falling off her

shoulders and wrinkling down her waist, which was of amazing length; and its arm-holes descended almost to her elbows, pushing the sleeves below them. Never did a dress look more uncomfortably; and how she kept it on was a mystery to all observers. A worked-muslin pelerine hung back from her shoulders, with a long flowing ribbon strung about it in some way that was neither useful nor ornamental. Her eyes were half closed in a perpetual languish, and her lips half open as if to exhale a perpetual sigh. She formed a striking contrast to the round healthy figure, blooming cheeks, and sprightly countenance of Henrietta Harrison.

On being introduced to our heroine, Miss Wimpole regarded her through an eye-glass, and was probably satisfied with the result of her scrutiny, as she pressed the hand of Henrietta to her heart, and said, "Let us be friends for ever." To which proposal Miss Harrison nodded an assent. The last bell began to send forth its clamorous peal before Mr. Markham and Mr. Wimpole had finished their discussion on the state of the money market, and Rosabelle prepared for a melancholy parting with her father by drawing her veil over her face, and unfolding a handkerchief which she took from her reticule. Now the truth was that she was only to be absent a week, and that she always spent as

much of her time from home as she possibly could; living almost entirely with married sisters, cousins, and a variety of people whom she called her friends, and from whom the slightest invitation was sufficient. Her father was married to a second wife, a dull drowsy woman, and they had a numerous flock of noisy troublesome young children, whom Mrs. Wimpole left entirely without control, as she did her step-daughter.

All the visitors were fast leaving the boat, and Mr. Wimpole (engaged to the last moment in conversation with Mr. Markham) shook Rosabelle's hand without turning his head towards her, forgot to give her a farewell kiss, and finishing his discourse with "Bills on England are selling at ten per cent. premium"—he sprung on shore just as they were taking up the landing-board. His daughter went to the railing, and waved her handkerchief at nothing till the boat had passed by Chestnut, Market, and Arch streets. She then came back to Henrietta, and said to her—"My sweet friend, let us mutually aid each other to keep clear of the shoals and quicksands of our perilous voyage."

"I think that will be rather the business of the pilot and engineer," observed Mr. Markham, looking up from the morning papers which he had bought from the boys on the wharf, to read while in the boat.

"Oh! I mean the voyage of life," said Rosabelle.

"Oh! life thou art a gloomy road,  
A weary, sad, and heavy load,  
For wretches such as I."

"Poor girl!" said Mr. Markham pityingly—"you are very young to be tired of life already. But you should not call yourself a wretch."

"That is only a quotation, dear uncle," observed Henrietta.

"Ah! my beloved Miss Harrison," said Rosabelle—"or rather my sweet Henrietta, (for that I believe is your name,) I see you are skilled in the poets. But as I was saying, I feel that we are destined to tread the thorny path together; and that the friendship commenced this day, will endure till the wing of time shall sever us." While Henrietta was thinking of a suitable reply, (not certain whether she ought to adopt the style of her new and extreme friend, or whether she had best remain *au naturel*,) Miss Wimpole took out from her belt an ivory tablet, in which she began to make memorandums. Henrietta erroneously supposed that she was marking down a young couple then inconveniently promenading the crowded deck; the lady holding on to her husband's arm with both hands as if afraid of losing her prize, and smiling up in

his face honey-moon fashion; and the gentleman looking somewhat embarrassed as he carried by one end a down pillow, whose covering of cambric lined with pink silk, was frilled with rich lace. This bijou of a pillow, which they seemed afraid to trust a moment out of their sight, and which was in keeping with the splendor of her dress, was evidently for the purpose of accommodating the lady beautifully, should she be inclined to repose during the voyage to Bordenton.

The boat seemed but a few minutes in passing the city, and the attention of our young and untravelled heroine was alternately engaged by the wide river glittering in the morning sun, its green and fertile shores, and the various people that walked, or stood, or sat about the deck. They were nearly at Bridesburgh, when she missed her new friend, and went down stairs in search of her. She found Miss Wimpole sitting at the table in the ladies' cabin, surrounded by talking women and crying children, and busily engaged in transferring her memorandums to an album-looking book.

"Friend of my future life, I am writing my journal," said Rosabelle.—"I have determined never to travel without keeping one. It is so gratifying to people's friends. Shall I read you what I have written? (lowering her voice.) Come, let us go and take our seats on those shelves by the windows,



where the children can no longer catch hold of our dresses with their greasy hands." Accordingly, they retreated to the transom. "There now," said Rosabelle—"we are nicely fixed. If the children clamber up after us, we can easily throw them out of the window." She then commenced as follows: reading in a sing-song affected tone, and frequently obliged to elevate her voice to its highest pitch, that it might be heard above the fretting of the babies, the coaxing of the mothers, and the creaking of the rocking chairs.

"How finely organised are the fibres of the human heart! How closely they are interwoven with our tears! How painful, how agonising it is to rend asunder the silken cords that tie us to our native roofs, and make us love our parlors. Oh, home! sweet home! Why should we trample on the floral flowers that bloom on our paternal hearth."

"Very true," remarked Henrietta—"it is better to put them on the mantel-piece. But I thought you were going to read me your journal."

"So I am.—This is it.—But I see you are not used to journals. It is fashionable for them to begin despondingly, and to end in a great outburst of joy or something. Well—to proceed.—"Philadelphia—thrice loved, thrice honored Philadelphia, situated in the state of Pennsylvania! Glorious city of my

birth, and city of William Penn, whose statue befronts the hospital!"

"Befronts!" said Henrietta.

"Yes, befronts—stands in front of. It is a word that I have myself added to our language. I think it very expressive—don't you? But let me go on—" Metropolis of the friendly Quakers, (whose clothes are mostly of a drab color) and queen of the blue and azure Delaware! Triumphant rival of Wilmington and Burlington—also of Bristol and other places. With swelling heart and streaming eyes, and in very low spirits, I have just passed your well-known walls."

"What walls?" asked Henrietta.

"Oh! the walls of the houses to be sure. "The lengthy market-house has faded from my view (even the fish market is no longer in sight) and Christ Church steeple has melted into air. Two lofty towers have pierced the clouds and vanished—"

"What towers?" inquired Henrietta.

"Oh! the two shot towers—we have no others—but you must not expect a journal to tell nothing but the truth.—Well—where am I. "In a few hours a vast portion of this restless globe (more than eighty miles,) will roll between me and the city of my ancestors, where even my grandfather was born, and kept his extensive store, and papa and my uncles after him. Hours, days and nights

must slowly wind their mingled web around the State House clock before my longing eyes shall again be greeted with the welcome smoke of Kensington glass house, blest harbinger of Philadelphia. Swift glides the jerking boat. The river widens—the shore flattens—poplars shade red cottages. They are out of fashion in Philadelphia: lindens being all the go—Oh! leafy lindens! your branches strike upon my heart, and wake the chord of memory—particularly those in front of the State House, where oft when court was over, and the youthful attorneys at law were returning to their offices, I met on my way to Gaubert's—But be still, my tell-tale fingers, and breathe not that mysterious name to the winds.—Alas—alas—seven suns shall set, seven pensive moons shall rise—it will be a whole week before we meet again. Sighs wave my dishevelled tresses—tears blot my paper—the pen falls from my convulsive grasp”—

“And did it?” asked Henrietta: who had been trying all the time under the guise of *naïveté* to conceal her inclination to laugh.

Before the question could be answered, breakfast was announced, and Mr. Markham appeared at the door to conduct his young ladies to the table, where broiled chickens, omelets, and stewed clams, for a while diverted the attention of Rosabelle from her sorrows. On returning to the deck she whis-

pered Henrietta—"Not a word about a certain young gentleman to your uncle—I confide in your friendship, and feel that you will guard my secret with your life." She then diverged into the history of her cousin Rachel, to whose wedding she was going.—"I must make you acquainted with cousin Rachel," said she—"in spite of her lamentable name, you will find her a sweet and lovely creature. She is my daily correspondent."

Nothing particular occurred during the remainder of their voyage up the Delaware, except that they of the pink pillow landed at Bristol, the lady having taken it into use as she arranged herself elegantly for a nap on a settee in the cabin; and she actually had the felicity of reclining her head on it nearly the whole of the passage from Dunks's ferry to Bristol. Off Whitehill, a sturgeon leaped out of the water to perform a summerset, and Rosabelle put down in her journal, that "countless fish forsook the briny element to gambol in their native fields of air."

When they took the rail-road cars at Bordenton, Miss Wimpole commissioned her natal river (as she called the Delaware) to bear her sighs to Thirteenth street, and having apostrophised the mansion of Joseph Bonaparte at Point Breeze, as "breathing around a halo of royalty," she professed an insurmountable inclination to commune awhile with her

own mind, and very soon fell asleep. Henrietta looked out on both sides at all that the velocity of the car would allow her to see, and her uncle talked to his opposite neighbours. When they passed the line of cars that had left Amboy that morning, the usual rapid exchange of newspapers took place between the gentlemen going to New York, and the gentlemen coming from thence; and during this onslaught of a moment, Mr. Markham's gold spectacles were accidentally snatched off in snatching at the papers that he held up in each hand. This untoward incident was a sad grievance to the old gentleman, for though he had gained an equivalent supply of the New York morning news in exchange for that of Philadelphia, the want of glasses prevented him from reading it. He then bethought himself of pointing out to Henrietta the beauties of the country; but finding few beauties to describe, he also sunk into a nap, from which he did not waken till they arrived at Hights-town, and took in the usual supply of fruit and cakes from the children that come to the road-side to sell them, when the cars reach the stopping-place.

At length they came to Amboy, where Rosabelle discovered something that she called rocks, and put down in her journal as frowning precipices. She then began to make comparisons between her native river and the Hudson, very unfavorable to

the latter. "Now for my part," said Henrietta, "I see no reason for not admiring both rivers. I think the more things we are pleased with, the more pleasure we have."

"That is quite a sensible remark," observed her uncle, in a low voice to Henrietta. "I am sorry I refused you the pongee grass cloth."

"Pleasure!" ejaculated Rosabelle. "Who can look for pleasure in this vale of sorrow, when at every step a bleeding heart stares us in the face!"

"I never saw one in my life," said Henrietta.

"Well," said Mr. Markham—"the misfortune that presses most heavily on me just now, is the loss of my umbrella, which I must have left in the rail-road car. I never travel without one, and I never have it strapped on my trunk since I had one rubbed to pieces by doing so. It is unaccountable that I should forget it, for it was quite new, an excellent thick silk, with an ivory handle, and cost me six dollars."

"Undoubtedly you will get it again," said Henrietta—"was not your name upon it?"

"To be sure it was—engraved on the slide—but that is of no avail. I have made up my mind as to seeing it no more, for nobody ever returns a good umbrella."

"Oh! the degeneracy of the world," sighed Rosabelle.

"Not much degeneracy after all," said Mr. Markham; "we find by the Vicar of Wakefield, that the practice of keeping other people's umbrellas prevailed even in his time. I suspect it commenced with the very first introduction of those valuable articles. If it was any thing but an umbrella I might possibly get it again."

"I am sorry you have lost it," said Henrietta—"but, dear uncle, as the weather is so fine, it is not probable you will need one before you reach home."

"I shall buy one in New York, however," replied Mr. Markham—"for it is my way always to have one at hand. You might as well attempt to move Mount Tom, as to persuade me to travel without an umbrella."

The boat had scarcely left Amboy and got into the bay, which was that day unruffled by the slightest breeze, when Rosabelle began to complain of seasickness, as is the case with many ladies even on the smoothest salt-water. She retired to a berth in the ladies' cabin, where Henrietta attended her and plied her with a vinaigrette and a smelling bottle of scented salts, till the dinner bell rang, which was very soon. Rosabelle was so much benefitted by these remedies, that she was able to sit up in her berth and dine heartily on the duck, ham, and pudding, that was sent to her from the table by Mr. Mark-

ham, finishing with a plate of almonds and raisins. She then rose and committed to her journal the following apostrophe, which she afterwards read to Henrietta.

“Sea-sickness! Thou worst of mortal evils! thou green-eyed monster whose ponderous chain swallows up both mind and body, making us very uncomfortable! Crown and pinnacle of human suffering, and every way disagreeable. Bitterly have I felt your envenomed fang weighing down my prostrate spirits, and rendering life a still greater burthen, and not the least desirable. Yet alas! there was no friendly hand to snatch me from my lofty couch with its flat low pillow, and end (according to my wish) the misery of unpitied sea-sickness by a plunge into the wide-spreading jaws of yawning ocean.”

“I am sure it was much better to hold two smelling-bottles to your nose,” said Henrietta. “If you were so desirous of being thrown overboard, why did not you mention it?”

“Henrietta,” replied Miss Wimpole—“how green and literal you are! Do not you know that it is the rule in talking or writing of sea-sickness, always to say you wished to be thrown into the sea? It only means that you were very sick.”

Just then, Mr. Markham summoned the girls on deck to look at the fortress called Castle Williams,



which Rosabelle put down as a moss-grown ruin. She thought she saw *several* foxes looking out of the windows, but they proved to be boys. The time was now very short till they reached the Battery, where they found a gentleman belonging to the family of Rosabelle's cousin Rachel, waiting to receive her. In her eager inquiries after her daily correspondent, (whom she was to see in a quarter of an hour,) Miss Wimpole forgot to take a sentimental leave of the friend of her future life; and she drove off with merely a nod from the carriage window.

"Only think," said Henrietta—"she never asked me where we were going to stay while in New York, nor told me where she was to be found herself."

"I knew she would not," replied Mr. Markham. "I saw at a glance that she was all froth and foolery; and that there was no truth or nature about her."

"How many varieties of girls there are," observed Henrietta, sagely.

Our heroine was taken by her uncle to one of the principal boarding-houses in the city, where she found occasion for the best of her finery. She spent three days very agreeably in seeing the lions of New York, and in receiving the civilities of a very handsome young gentleman who sat next to her at

table, and whom she discovered to be the brother of one of her former school-mates, Miss Luttrell of Hudson, who was on a visit to a married sister at New Haven.

The morning came when our heroine and her uncle were to set out on their voyage up the river; and from Albany they were to proceed to Markhamville. The boat did not start till seven, but Henrietta (though she had risen before five,) was not, even with the assistance of the chambermaid, completely ready till half past six; having dressed and undressed three times before she could please herself. Perhaps the genuine reason of this difficulty was, that Mr. Luttrell had informed her the evening before, that his two sisters (both the married and single,) had just arrived from New Haven, and that he was going to escort them home next day to Hudson. They would, therefore, be in the same boat with her and her uncle. Finally, Henrietta came down attired in one of her new dresses which she had not yet worn, a figured silk of a very becoming nondescript color, a beautiful pelerine of the same, and her handsomest French-worked collar. Instead of the little straw cottage bonnet that she had worn on her way from Philadelphia, she now appeared in her new Leghorn, which was trimmed with pale pink ribbon, and decorated with pink hyacinths both outside and in. Her uncle

surveyed her from head to foot, and said to her—  
“ Well, Henrietta—you certainly do not mean this for a travelling dress.”

“ And why not, dear uncle,” she replied.—“ Certainly I can wear it for this day’s journey. How should any dress be injured by sitting or walking about, in a nice clean steamboat?”

“ Well, well,” said Mr. Markham, “ it is too late now to make any change, for the carriage is at the door; so this time you must have your way.” And she looked so pretty that he could not help feeling more indulgently towards her than usual. He did not, however, cause the same satisfaction to her, for Henrietta now perceived, after they were seated in the coach, that the old gentleman carried a coarse blue cotton umbrella.

“ Oh! uncle Mark!” she exclaimed—“ where did you get that horrible umbrella?”

“ Horrible!” said he—looking at it—“ what makes it horrible?—Did you learn that pretty expression from your sworn friend of a few hours, Miss Rosabelle Wimpole?”

“ Oh! no indeed!” answered Henrietta—“ I said horrible long before I knew *her*. But, really that umbrella is shocking.”

“ Shocking!—in what way does it shock you?”

“ It is such an umbrella as no gentleman can possibly carry.”

"I am a gentleman, and I *will* carry it."

"Then nobody will take you for one."

"We shall see that. But pray, how came you so well versed in the signs and tokens of gentlemen, when you have had so little chance of knowing any except myself?"

"Oh! yes—I have known Signor Oggi, and Signor Dotti, and Mr. Von Plick the harpist, who was a baron in Germany, and Monsieur Legerdepied, the dancing master—and not one of them would carry a cotton umbrella—if he could help it. Dear uncle, is it your own?"

"To be sure it is.—Do you think I would be so like the rest of the world as to carry other people's umbrellas. I went out and bought it this very morning, to replace the good silk one that I lost on the road: and (as my ill luck may continue,) I got one this time that was less costly."

"But why go so much on the other extreme.—Any sort of silk umbrella is preferable to a cotton."

"No it is not—a cotton one is stronger and better than an inferior silk."

"But the weather is so fine, that you cannot possibly want any umbrella before you get to Albany. Do leave it in the carriage, or make a present of it to the driver."

"What—a good new umbrella to a hackman! You are a greater simpleton than I thought you."

"Oh! uncle are you really going on board the boat with that vile blue cotton thing under your arm?"

"To be sure I am.—Did not I tell you, that you might as well attempt to move Mount Tom, as to persuade me to travel without an umbrella?"

Soon after Mr. Markham and Henrietta had reached the boat, young Luttrell came on board with his two sisters, Mrs. Osborne and Miss Eliza Luttrell. On arriving at a steamboat, those who are prudent enough to be among the earliest comers, may "settle where they please," but those who do not get on board till the last bell, must "settle where they can:" and of this number were the Luttrell party, who could only get places on the sunny side. This and the usual crowding and confusion when a boat is about starting, induced the ladies to descend immediately to the cabin, whither their brother escorted them. Mr. Markham and his niece were seated very comfortably on the shady side.

"Uncle Mark," said Henrietta, who had spied them immediately, "Mr. Luttrell and his sisters are on board. Did you not observe the two ladies—remarkably genteel, fashionable-looking women? Eliza Luttrell finished with Mrs. Strickland four

years ago, and she does not look a day older than when she quitted school."

"Did you know that this young man was to proceed up the river this morning?" asked Mr. Markham.

"Yes," replied Henrietta; "he told me so last evening. He said he was going to take his two sisters home to Hudson."

Mr. Markham thought it safest to say no more; but he now guessed the reason of his niece's *recherché* costume. In a few moments young Luttrell, having deposited his sisters in the cabin, returned to the deck, and perceiving Mr. Markham and Miss Harrison, he immediately joined them. The color deepened on our heroine's cheeks when she saw him coming, and moving her chair a little in advance of her uncle's she adroitly spread out her dress, and arranged the shawl that hung on her arm, so as to conceal the blue cotton umbrella on which the old gentleman was pertinaciously leaning in the face of the whole boat's company. "Some people have no shame," thought Henrietta.

Luttrell came up and paid his compliments, and the pleasure expressed by his looks, as well as his words, inspired our heroine with even more than her usual vivacity, to which her only drawback was the necessity of watching that the plebeian umbrella did not protrude into sight.

Luttrell congratulated Henrietta on the boat keeping close to the western shore, as on that side of the broad and picturesque Hudson, is the finest scenery; and he pointed out, after passing Hoboken, the frequent elevation of the banks, interspersed with projecting masses of stone, and indicating the vicinity of the Palisade Rocks.

Presently the loud bell and the loud voice of one the black waiters was heard, summoning "all passengers that had not paid their passage, to step to the captain's office and pay their passage."

"I am always diverted"—said Luttrell—"with the manner in which these steam-boat servants proclaim to the passengers their directions on this important subject: with their varieties of emphasis, or with their tautology and no emphasis at all: as is the case to-day. Sometimes we are invited to *step* to the captain's office—sometimes it is insisted that we shall *pay* our passage—sometimes we are particularly notified that it is at the *captain's* office we are to find the paying-place—and sometimes that it is *our* passage we are requested to pay."

"I have heard," said Henrietta, "as much diversity in accenting a single word; for instance, early in the autumn, when the peach carts go about the streets of Philadelphia, with a boy perched on the front-board to officiate as crier, while a

woman walks behind with a half-peck measure. This boy, (who, though he may have been tolerably well-looking at the beginning, seems before the peach season is over to have gone all to voice like a locust,) keeps up a continual melancholy shout, which he varies to *peachaz*, *peachiz*, *peach-oz*, and *peachuz*—but never once saying *peachez*.”

“Did you ever hear water-melons cried rightly?” said her uncle. “Are they not always water-mill-*yans*, millyins, or millyuns?”

“Always,” replied Luttrell. “But excuse me a moment, while I go to the captain’s office and pay *my* passage.”

“For my part,” observed Mr. Markham, as Luttrell turned and walked from them, “I got through that business the moment I came on board.”

“Uncle,” said Henrietta, “as I find my shawl rather an incumbrance, I am going to deposit it in one of the berths in the ladies’ cabin. Shall I dis-embarrass you of your umbrella at the same time, and lay it with my shawl!”

“I do not know,” replied Mr. Markham—“perhaps I may want it.”

“How can you possibly want it, dear uncle, this clear, bright, delightful day. Look at the blue sky, and the sunbeams glittering on the river.”

“That is the very thing—the brightness of the sunshine. I shall probably go on the upper deck,



or the roof, as you call it, where there is no awning; and then this umbrella will answer as good a purpose as your parasol."

"Uncle," said Henrietta, solemnly, "were I to see you displaying that outrageous thing as a sun-umbrella, I do not think I could live another minute."

"Yes, you could," observed Mr. Markham; "you could live to a good old age, notwithstanding; and perhaps your gray hairs may bring you a little sense, for I do not think you will get any before."

Just then the breakfast bell rung, accompanied by a flourish of hands from the chief waiter, and an announcement that "the ladies will please to walk down this here staircase, and the gentlemen that there." These directions were accordingly followed; and on descending each gentleman resumed his ladies (if he had any) and proceeded to the breakfast table with them. Our heroine and her uncle were joined by Luttrell and his sisters, and there was a cordial greeting between Henrietta and her former schoolmate. Mr. Markham laid his umbrella on the settee behind him, and Henrietta covered it with her shawl. Supposing, however, that with all her precautions, it could not have escaped the notice of the Luttrell party, she said softly to Eliza, when breakfast was over, and

the gentlemen had gone to settle for it with the steward, "Are you not surprised at my uncle, Mr. Markham, carrying a coarse, common, blue cotton umbrella?"

"I did not observe it," replied Miss Luttrell.

"Ah! it is very kind in you to say so—but I thought the eyes of the whole steamboat were upon it, as he came down to breakfast."

"I rather think," observed Mrs. Osborne, smiling, "that the attention of the company was engaged in looking out for convenient seats at table."

"You quite revive me with that hope," said Henrietta.—"But really, old gentlemen, (particularly uncles,) have such strange notions, and are so regardless of appearances, and so impenetrable to reason. I must try and get that hateful umbrella out of uncle Mark's hands, or it will annoy me during the whole journey. Will both of you oblige me by engaging his attention, while I convey it out of his reach for the remainder of our voyage?"

The two ladies kindly assented, entering into an animated conversation with Mr. Markham, when the gentlemen returned; and on leaving the cabin, he gave his arm to Eliza Luttrell, while Mrs. Osborne took that of her brother. Henrietta lingered behind, and slipped into the ladies' cabin with her own shawl and the blue cotton umbrella. "You vile, vulgar thing," said she, "are you to be exhibited

on the upper deck by way of parasol?—No, you shall never have a chance.” And she then, exerting all her strength and skill, contrived to break the spring, so as to render the umbrella useless.

After this notable exploit, Henrietta returned to the deck, where the whole party were enabled to obtain seats together, on the best side of the boat. The magnificence of the scenery now engaged the whole attention of our heroine, particularly as its beauties were pointed out to her by Luttrell. The Palisade Rocks ranged wild and high along the Jersey shore, their feet in the river, their heads rising against the clear blue sky. They presented a solid, perpendicular wall, built by no mortal hand, and extending uninterruptedly for more than twenty miles, and in some places exceeding the height of five hundred feet. Sometimes at their greatest elevation, they came out in bold headlands, as if to approach the opposite shore; and then they seemed to retire back, and give the river space to widen. The dark and solemn gray that formed their prevailing tint, was blended harmoniously with the brown, and green, and yellow of the mosses that enlivened them with their many-colored lights. The wild vines and saplings, starting from clefts and crevices, and clinging to their sides, prepared the eye for the deep green of the forests that crowned their towering summits, which seemed to

be looking at themselves, as they lay inverted with downward heads on the mirrored waters of the clear calm river. "Though affording, every day, delight and admiration to hundreds of spectators," observed Luttrell—"these barrier rocks, these awful ramparts of a stupendous fortress, look as sublime and lovely as when they first met the gaze of the earliest adventurers that awoke the lovely shores of this noble river from the slumber of ages. Well may Europeans confess that the scenery of the Hudson is worth a voyage across the Atlantic. Even to me, familiar as I am with it, it is 'ever charming, ever new.'"

Mr. Markham, whose father had fought in the war of independence, kindled into eloquence as they passed the sites of Fort Lee and Fort Washington. When the lofty Palisadoes, gradually diminishing in height, sunk into low and straggling mounds of mossy stone, and the river expanded into what is called the Tappan Sea, (which is in one place five miles across,) the old man showed to his niece a glimpse of the village where the ill-fated Andre was executed, and consigned to a humble grave beneath a lonely cypress. The tree has since been transplanted to one of the royal gardens in England, while the remains of the gallant and unfortunate spy now repose in Westminster Abbey, beneath a sculptured sarcophagus, and surrounded

by the ashes of kings and heroes. On passing Stony Point with its little light-house, Mr. Markham gave some anecdotes of the contest at that memorable spot, for his father had been there; and he pointed out the place where, near the opposite promontory, the British ship *Vulture* had lain, when she received on board the traitor Arnold, whose name so much excited him that, unable to proceed, the old gentleman started up and paced the deck to calm himself. At last, looking up the river he exclaimed—"Ah! there is the old Dunderberg—we shall be in the Highlands directly." They passed the Dunderberg and entered that sublime and picturesque region of the Hudson, where the mountains seem to close around, and give to the river the form of a lake. There was a general silence among the spectators, except when an involuntary exclamation was heard from those who were new to the scene, as another and another mountain came grandly into view, with their masses of granite projecting through the forest trees that clambered to their summits, and their green and changing shadows darkening the clear blue water that flowed at their feet.

The approach of our voyagers to the "Gibraltar of America" was denoted by the lonely ruins of Fort Putnam, frowning from its mountain-rock; and presently the buildings connected with the mili-

tary academy appeared in succession, as the boat rounded the promontory.

Mr. Markham told of an old revolutionary officer of the Pennsylvania line, who, after the lapse of forty years, had gone up the Hudson, intending to land at West Point; where, in his youth, he had made one of Washington's army. But when the veteran saw that these rude heights, which, when he last beheld them, were covered with tents and crowned with batteries, are now sprinkled with modern buildings and decorated with trim gardens, his heart failed, and he relinquished his intention of going on shore.\* "I cannot," said he, "reconcile myself to the change that must come over my last and long impressions of West Point, if I venture to see it as it now is. I wish always to think of this place, as I knew it when occupied by the army of Washington, and I shrink from the idea of having these recollections disturbed. Let it continue in my mind's eye to look as it did then." The boat passed on, and the old officer turned away his head from West Point, till it could be seen no more.

Henrietta was very sorry that they could not make a visit to this far-famed and delightful spot, and stay there at least till next day; but her uncle had ascertained early that morning, from a gentle-

\* Fact.

man just come down from thence in the night boat, that the hotel could not furnish a sleeping-place for another human being, many of the guests having been glad to obtain mattresses laid on the floor of the passages, and Mr. Markham's informant having spent the night lying at full length on the table in the belvidere or lantern at the top of the house, the moon shining down on his face from the sky-light above. "Never mind, Henrietta," said Mr. Markham, "you shall see West Point yet, in the course of your life; at some time when we can be sure that the pleasures of the day will not be counter-balanced by the miseries of the night. If every body was of that opinion, I think there would be much less travelling. There was a time when I could rough it myself, as well as any one; but I see no reason for doing so now, unless I have some good purpose in view. And as to women, they had better learn hardships somewhere else than in crowded hotels. I wonder what is to become of the large party of ladies and gentlemen that landed there just now? I heard them say they depended on luck; but I do not know where their luck is to come from."

"I have frequently," said Luttrell, "been both amazed and amused at the improvidence of persons who go to places of great resort, without taking the slightest precaution to secure any species of ac-

commodation. I was once at West Point (it was before the hotel was opened,) when, for want of previous arrangements, an extremely large company found their day of anticipated pleasure converted into a day of incessant annoyance and discomfort."

"And how was that?" asked Mr. Markham.

"Several of the New York schools," resumed Luttrell, "had united in a plan for their pupils to come up in the Safety Barge, and pass the fourth of July at West Point. But the instructors never thought of sending beforehand any intimation of their purpose. The Safety Barge moved slowly, and they did not arrive till all the dinners on West Point were over. Mr. Cozzens was standing at his door, when he saw about three hundred people ascending the hill, and coming *en masse* to the mess house. Knowing that it would be impossible to accommodate them, and dreading the sight of their disappointment and vexation, he had some thoughts of flying to the mountains and hiding himself in the woods; but they approached so fast, that he was obliged to man himself to meet the attack. They were were all hungry, having eaten nothing since an early breakfast. To cook an extempore dinner for so many persons, would be difficult any where, and was impossible at West Point. All he could do, was to seat them on the benches in the mess-



rooms, and give them 'all the bread and cheese he'd got,' and whatever else could be found."

"At least," said Henrietta, "they could have the pleasure of walking about and seeing something of the place, while their meal was preparing."

"No," resumed Luttrell, "they had not even that enjoyment. Just as they landed, the clouds which had been gathering all day, came up from behind the mountains, and it began to rain: notwithstanding which, some of the boys made off directly for Fort Putnam: but two of the teachers instantly pursued them, broke rods from the trees, and whipped them back. And these unfortunate pleasure-seekers were scarcely under shelter of the mess house, before the rain poured down in torrents. They had no umbrellas."

"More shame for them," said Mr. Markham.

"Therefore," pursued Luttrell, "all they could do, after they had appeased their hunger, was to sit listless about the benches, or stroll up and down the room, and gaze wistfully from the windows at the wet and soaking plain, and the hills dimly looming through the heavy rain. The steamboat going down to the city had passed West Point before their arrival, and the Safety Barge in which they had come had left them and gone on. To stay all night was out of the question, and they were completely in jeopardy. The rain continued all the

afternoon (and indeed all night,) without a moment's intermission, and there was no prospect of the clouds breaking away; all was one dense monotonous gray. Towards evening, an old tow-boat was seen on the river, slowly dragging along a heavy-laden freight barge on each side, and our unlucky party of three hundred had no alternative but to take their passage down to the city in this uncomfortable conveyance, where they must have passed the night, crowded to suffocation, quite bedless and nearly food-less."

"Poor people!" exclaimed Henrietta, "how much they were to be pitied—particularly the school-children."

"They were indeed," said Mr. Markham—"but as to the teachers, or at least the leaders of the enterprise, they were almost rightly served for their improvidence, in not sending up to West Point in due time, to ascertain what arrangements could be made for them. Then, if they had taken the earliest morning boat, instead of the slow Safety Barge, they would have arrived some hours before the rain came on, and could have seen a great deal of the place, and gone comfortably down in the early afternoon boat. Above all, they could have walked out and looked about them, even in spite of the rain, if every one had had the sense to bring an umbrella. Henrietta is that one of mine safe?"

Henrietta, who had felt something like the prick of a thorn whenever the word umbrella was mentioned, was just now taken with an excessive admiration of a party of crows that were flying about an old tree projecting from one of the rocks on the shore; and she was listening so attentively to their cawing that she could not hear her uncle's question. "Really," said she, "there is something very striking in the note of these birds, and their plumage is of such a beautiful black; they are also remarkably well shaped."

Having nothing more to say upon crows, she felt quite grateful to Mrs. Osborne, when, by an easy transition, that lady immediately led the conversation to ravens, and the superstitious association of these melancholy birds with forebodings of death and horror. They talked of the Bride of Lammermoor and the ill-fated master of Ravenswood; and this lasted till they were out of the Highlands, and stopped to land and receive passengers at Newburgh.

After the boat had called at the numerous towns that line both sides of the Hudson from Newburgh upwards, and always taken in as many passengers as were put out, the lofty range of the Catskills came in view, but far distant from the shore, and rising vast and blue against the western horizon. Their summits were now veiled in heavy clouds, blended with those of the firmament, and

assuming as they extended upwards a still darker color, and a more voluminous form. "I think we shall have a change of weather before the day is over," observed Eliza Luttrell—"it is already raining on the tops of the Catskills."

"Oh! but mountains are no rule,"—said Henrietta quickly, and feeling a sort of tremor at the very mention of rain.

"Yes, they are," said her uncle—"particularly when the wind sets directly from them. Excuse her ignorance, ladies—she has passed most of her life in Philadelphia, where she could have had no experience of any thing higher than Market street hill."

Till the boat arrived at the town of Hudson, Henrietta's attention was chiefly occupied in watching the clouds herself, and in trying to divert her uncle from observing them. At Hudson they were to part with the Luttrells, and Mrs. Osborne pressed Mr. Markham to land there with his niece, and pass the night and morning at her father's house, taking the boat to Albany when it came along in the afternoon. Both the ladies saw much to like in our heroine (and also much to excuse,) and they already understood that this invitation would be very gratifying to their brother. But Mr. Markham, though he made due acknowledgment for their offered hospitality, could not be persuaded to accept

it—to the great regret of Henrietta, whose only consolation was, that she should be spared the mortification of the Luttrells seeing him walk on shore with the blue cotton umbrella in his hand. She was too new to the world to understand that the Luttrells were so truly genteel as not to attach the slightest consequence to any thing of the sort. They took leave, after expressing their hope of receiving a visit at some future time from Mr. Markham and Miss Harrison, and the old gentleman shook them all by the hand, and gave them a warm invitation to Markhamville. The Luttrell party were met at the landing-place by their father, who, giving an arm to each of the ladies, proceeded up the street with them.

“There is Mr. Luttrell still standing on the wharf,” said Henrietta, as the boat passed along the high bank on which part of the town is built. “He seems to be looking earnestly after us.”

“No doubt,” said her uncle—“he is looking earnestly at the boat. When we met one that was coming down, did you not hear him say that he knew not a nobler or more imposing sight, than a fine steamboat careering through the water. All men like to gaze on steamboats; and so they should for they are glorious things. Do you know the history of their invention?”

"How should I," replied Henrietta—"I never learned it."

"You are not aware then of Fitch having constructed the first steamboat, but that Fulton brought this invention to success?"

"I never had a lesson on the subject."

"I thought not. What was the origin of that bonnet on your head?"

"It came from Leghorn, and Madame Gaubert trimmed it."

"Ah!" said her uncle—"you require no instruction on subjects of that kind. Now come and walk the deck with me, and I will be Peter Parley for awhile, and tell you all about steamboats."

To his explanation, which was sensible and clear, Henrietta would have "seriously inclined," only that her eyes wandered too frequently to the clouds that were gathering in the west; and she feared the commencement of a rain, which would accelerate the discovery of the mutilated umbrella. Her fears were realised: the wind rose and brought up the clouds, the rain began, and it blew in under the awning. "Henrietta," said her uncle, "you had better go down into the cabin till we land. I will see after the baggage, and then meet you at the door of the dining-cabin, where you can bring me my umbrella."

Henrietta felt that the *eclaircissement* was at hand. "Foolish that I was," thought she—"why did not I reflect on the certainty of discovery?"

She slowly descended the stairs, and on entering the ladies' cabin she found a woman and child lying in the berth where she had placed the shawl and umbrella, on inquiring for which, they were produced by Minna, the chamber-maid, who had taken care of them. Henrietta looked wistfully at the umbrella. "Miss," said the mulatto girl in a low voice, "you must'nt tell the old gentleman that *I* broke that there rumberell, for I saw you do it yourself. To be sure, it is none of my business how the ladies choose to 'muse themselves, but I did think it strange—'specially as you had such hard work to get it broke. Please not to say *I* did it."

"Certainly, I shall not," replied Henrietta, indignantly—"I had no such thought. What sort of person do you take me for?"

"I beg your pardon, Miss," answered the girl—"I never like to say no harm of nobody; but a great many ladies as is very genteel, don't stop at fibs no how."

"But I do," said Henrietta.—"I am now sorry that I broke the umbrella, for it is raining very fast, and we have no other. I have had several of my own, but lost them all in some way."

"I thought you would be sorry," rejoined Minna.

"It seemed to me the most unaccountablest thing I ever seen. But it was not my business to say any thing to stop it. I concluded you might be a great *mischieve*, and that may be you thought it good fun to break a rumberell o'purpose."

"Fun!" said Henrietta, "I fear it will turn out no fun for me."

Her uncle now called her, from the door of the dining cabin.

"What shall I do?" said Henrietta, who, for want of a female friend, was insensibly taking the chambermaid into her confidence.

"You would not like to tell a fib, you say,—"  
replied the girl, ponderingly.

"No, I would not. What fib could I tell?"

"Why," said Minna, speaking almost in a whisper—"you might easily make him 'bieve, that that there woman as got into the berth, gave it to her child to play with, and atween the two they broke it."

"I would not tell such a falsehood for the world!"  
exclaimed Henrietta.

"Hush, miss—people will hear you. Now, I don't see a bit of harm in it. For as they don't belong to *him*, you needn't be the least afeard that the old gentleman will either scold the mother, or whip the child."

"Henrietta!" called her uncle again.



"Oh!" murmured Henrietta, "I feel like Blue Beard's wife, when her husband was calling her to come and have her head cut off."

"Dear me," said the girl, catching her last words, "is that the way the old gentleman sarves people, when they do mischief. What a Turk he must be! But I am very sure the captain won't allow no such thing on board of *his* boat, no how."

"Absurd nonsense!" said Henrietta. "But I really wish I did know how to get through this foolish difficulty."

"Take my advice, miss," said Minna. "To help oneself out of a scrape, there's nothing like a good hard fib."

By this time both cabins were vacated, by the passengers all having gone on deck for the purpose of landing. Henrietta saw her uncle impatiently approaching her; and summoning all her courage she went up to him, and displaying the broken umbrella, said with a sort of smile—"See what I have done, uncle Mark."

"Broken my new umbrella! That is a bad thing—a very bad thing, indeed! How did it happen?"

"I did it on purpose, dear uncle."

"Really! You must have found it rather a difficult job."

"I did—the spring was very hard to break."

"I need not ask your motive for this pretty exploit, as I see through it at once." He sat down on a chair, and having leaned back and pondered awhile, with his eyes fixed on the ceiling, he said calmly to Henrietta, who was busily searching for something in her travelling basket—"Very well—you, of course, expect to take the consequences?"

"What consequences, dear uncle?"

"Walking up State street, to the American Hotel, with nothing to shelter you from the rain, which is now falling in torrents."

"Oh! uncle!—surely you will get a carriage."

"Surely I will not. I am always glad of an opportunity to give pride a fall."

"Indeed, uncle, I am not proud—at least not very. Think how my clothes will be ruined by walking in the rain!"

"I know they will."

"Oh! uncle! have you no apprehension for yourself, or for your own clothes?"

"None—*my* clothes are not my first consideration. And as to myself, I have been wet a thousand times. I never stopped for rain when I was cutting down the trees to begin my first clearing, (for I made two towns before Markhamville,) so now I am able to bear it with all its accompaniments. But come, it is time we were on shore.

The rain has set in for the evening, and it will soon be dark."

"I wish it *was* dark," said Henrietta, pouting her lip. "If we must draggle through the wet I would rather it were night, for then fewer people would see us. It is so disgraceful to be trudging unsheltered through a pouring rain in daylight."

"Still more so than carrying a blue cotton umbrella; is it not?" said Mr. Markam. "But come, the baggage is all ready, and consigned to a porter; so we will quit the boat immediately."

"Dear uncle Mark!—do get a carriage."

"No, I will not—I have thought it, and I have said it. You might as well attempt to move Mount Washington." He then ascended the staircase, leaving her to follow.

"Miss," said the mulatto girl, as she assisted Henrietta to put on her shawl, "If I was you I wouldn't give up to him no how. Persewure upon your pint, and keep a teasing till you get the carriage out of him."

"Oh no!" said Henrietta, sighing, "now he's at his mountains there's no hope"—and slipping a quarter-dollar into the hand of the sympathising chambermaid, she walked slowly up the staircase, and joined her uncle in silence. They then proceeded to the landing-board, and walked on shore,

attacked on all sides by hackney coachmen clamoring to know if they did not want a carriage. Henrietta had some hope that their importunities would induce Mr. Markham to relent; but he marched on with a steady face past them all, carrying under his arm the useless blue cotton umbrella. His niece walked resentfully beside him, holding up her dress with both hands, setting down her feet hard and splashing the mud rather more than was necessary, while the rain ran in streams over her bonnet, penetrated her shawl, and drenched her completely. "What a glorious entrance into Albany," said Henrietta.

"You have one consolation," observed her uncle, who bore "the pelting of the pitiless storm" with perfect *sang-froid*, "there is nobody here that either knows or cares for you."

"I am not sure of that," answered Henrietta; "several of our former school-girls were from Albany; and it is not three months since my class-mate, Miss Melesinda Peacock, married a gentleman of this place and came here to live. Ah, horror! there she is looking out of her front parlor window!"

And with this exclamation, our mortified heroine turned her head towards the street, and hastily slipped to the other side of her uncle, to lessen the chance of being recognised by the *cidevant* Miss

Peacock. Mr. Markham smiled first, and sighed afterwards.

A short walk through the rain seems a very long one, and Henrietta asked if they were never to reach the hotel. "In the course of time we undoubtedly shall," replied her uncle.

"Suppose we find it full,"—said Henrietta, "are we to paddle through the rain all over Albany in search of a night's lodging?"

"No fear of that," answered Mr. Markham, "I wrote two days ago to engage apartments. Come, cheer up—your troubles will soon be over."

On arriving at the place of destination they were immediately shown to a private parlor, where, though the season was summer, Mr. Markham ordered a fire, to correct the dampness of the atmosphere and guard against any chillness after their exposure to the rain. "Was there ever such a forlorn figure!" exclaimed Henrietta, taking off her dripping shawl, and looking in the glass. "The crown of my bonnet is so beaten in that there is a puddle standing in the top, and the front is like a shapeless rag—the flowers have been washed to pieces and the bows are drooping in colorless bunches—rivers have run down the pleats of my frock—my beautiful collar is a wretched wisp—my gloves are glued to my hands with the wet, and I

have lost my basket. Oh! how deplorable I am! I never *can* get in order again."

"Yes, you can," said her uncle; "I am well convinced you will not remain in this condition twenty-four hours. Here comes the chambermaid; she will show you to your room at once, and when you have changed your dress let me see you again, looking as spruce as ever."

Henrietta, in deep displeasure, retired to her apartment, disengaged herself from her dripping garments, put on a night-dress, and having rung for the chambermaid, and desired her to take all the wet things out of her sight, and keep them herself or do what she pleased with them, she sent word to her uncle that she should drink her tea in her own room. "I am determined," said she to herself, "that I will not speak to him all day to-morrow."

Having sent away her scarcely-tasted tea, and placed her lamp in the chimney, she attempted to settle herself for the night. But she found it impossible to get to sleep. In vain she shook her pillow and moved it from side to side. She was too much discomposed with vexation at her uncle for compelling her to walk through the street in the rain, and for causing the destruction of her dress. "Of course," thought she, "he considers it nothing more than a good wholesome punishment for breaking

his beloved umbrella, which to be sure *would* have sheltered us; but how did I know that it was going to rain, and why did he annoy me by persisting in bringing the ugly thing along with him! Well, I have one comfort—he has to pass the whole evening alone by himself; for as the rain continues, I do not believe he will go out any where after so thorough a wetting, lightly as he may profess to think of it.”

Finding sleep out of the question for the present, Henrietta arose; and placing the lamp on a table, she opened one of her trunks to seek for a book that might divert her attention from the thoughts and feelings that were depriving her of rest; as the indulgence of such beyond half an hour was equally new and irksome to her. She took a volume of Irving's Sketch Book; and on turning over the leaves her eye was attracted by that beautiful essay on funerals and cemeteries, in which he depicts the “compunctious visitings” that when looking on the grave of a departed friend will bring anguish to our hearts, if, while living, we caused him grief and trouble. In these sad moments, when the green sod has “covered every defect and extinguished every resentment,” little things will seem great ones in the mirror of conscience. Jests that while they caused a momentary smile left a sting behind them, petulant retorts, perverse actions, wayward humors, all we have ever done to vex and annoy him while

in life, will crowd upon our memory with painful distinctness. And their thorns will be sharpened by the certainty that, to the dust of him who can return no more, our regret and our penitence are alike unavailing.

Henrietta laid down the book. A cold shudder ran through her veins, as she fearfully looked forward to the time when her old uncle, good notwithstanding his positiveness, and sensible in the midst of his peculiarities, should be extended on the bed of death, or consigned to the dark and lonely grave. She covered her face, and leaned her head against the table. An entire reaction took place in her views and feelings. She resumed the monitory page of the elegant and amiable writer, and her tears fell fast upon it as she read these impressive words, "Take warning by the bitterness of thy contrite affliction over the dead, and henceforth be more faithful and affectionate in the discharge of thy duties towards the living."

"I will—I will," she mentally exclaimed. "From this time I will cease to tease and annoy my good uncle, for he *is* good after all, and well deserves my respect, my gratitude, and my affection. No—when I visit *his* grave (here her tears redoubled) it shall not be in contrition and penitence."

Poor Henrietta—if every one felt habitually as she did then, there would in the whole world be



no unkindness towards the living, and no remorse towards the dead.

Her resolution was instantly taken; it was to go down to Mr. Markham and entreat his forgiveness. "To think," said she, "that I should attempt a fit of sullenness to my old uncle—I, that never could be sullen to any one, even to Mrs. Strickland. What excessive folly to allow his umbrella to cause me such unfounded annoyance! And then so highly to resent the salutary lesson which he thought proper to give me—to leave him to take his tea by himself, and to pass the evening alone. How could I presume to go to bed, and expect to sleep, without bidding him a kind good night!"

Our heroine soon composed herself so far as to wash the tears from her face, comb and arrange her hair, dress herself neatly, and descend to the parlor. Mr. Markham had long since changed his wet clothes, and eaten his solitary supper. After pacing the room, and going to the windows, and gazing unconsciously at the rain, he had thrown himself into a seat and tried to read an evening paper, but its contents conveyed no ideas to his abstracted mind. He was holding it listlessly in one hand, his arm thrown over the back of his chair, and his eyes fixed on the mantel-piece, when Henrietta entered the room with a step even lighter than usual. She had meditated a little speech to

address him with, but when she saw how anxious and unhappy he looked, her utterance failed; and gliding behind him she laid her head on her uncle's shoulder, and burst into tears. Mr. Markham started up, caught her hand, pressed it warmly, and drew his own across his eyes. He then put her down into a chair, and traversed the room in much agitation. "Henrietta," said he, "you should not have deserted your old uncle this evening; and above all, you should not have quitted him in anger. The affair of the umbrella was a piece of girlish folly, which I thought I did right in punishing—though perhaps I went a little too far. But it gave me no pain compared to what I have since felt in seeing you encourage the continuance of a fit of temper—and against me, too. But perhaps, after all, I am not sufficiently tolerant of the fancies and notions of young people. Poor things! it is hard for them to be always right, when those that are old enough to have wisdom are so often wrong. Come, Henrietta, I will make a bargain with you. I will hold the rein more loosely, if you will be less restive under it."

"The one will be a natural consequence of the other, dear uncle," said Henrietta, smiling through her tears.

"We have now come to an understanding," observed Mr. Markham, drawing his niece towards

him and kissing her forehead; "and I foresee that after a little practice, we shall go on very smoothly. But I wish you had been here to pour out my tea for me.—I think a great deal of my tea—your withholding your presence made me so uncomfortable that I could drink but half a cup."

"And I did not take even that," said Henrietta.

"Did not you?" exclaimed her uncle; "then I will order tea over again, and we will now have it pleasantly together."

They sat over the tea-table in great good humor, and Mr. Markham talked to his niece of the arrangements he had made for her at Markhamville, and told her that he would remain a day or two at Albany that she might see something of the city and its vicinity, there being now indications of a clear sunrise; as the rain had ceased, the clouds were dispersing, and a few stars already glimmered in the zenith.

Henrietta rose early next morning, and was so over-good as to go herself with the blue cotton umbrella to get it mended at the nearest shop. It was finished and sent home soon after breakfast. Her uncle made no comment, not exactly liking to talk about it; but he went out afterwards, and ordered two very handsome silk ones for himself and his niece, to be sent to Markhamville.

That day was spent in seeing the sights of

Albany and Troy: and on the following morning Mr. Markham took his niece in a carriage to the Falls of Cohoes, where

“From rise of morn ’till set of sun  
You see the mighty Mohawk run”

with its beautiful shade of tall forest trees on the banks above, and luxuriant willows on the margin below.

It was from the wooden bridge that they took their first view of the cataract, and were so fortunate as to find a rainbow arching the cloud of mist that rose from the spray. They then proceeded further along the shore, till they were near enough to see the falls in all their fantastic details—sometimes pouring in broad sheets over the precipice, and in other places diverging into countless torrents of every size and form, tumbling over projecting blocks, spouting from crevices and trickling down in slender and silvery streams. The dark slate of the rocks finely contrasted the green and white tints of the descending waters; and the volumes of snowy foam, that roared and eddied at their base, gradually subsided into light bubbles dancing on the mirrored surface of the river below. Our travellers observed several adventurous young men, who having taken off their shoes and stockings and rolled up their

trowsers, were springing from point to point to take a downward view of the falls: endeavoring to make their way along the wet and slippery ledge that throws its barrier across the picturesque Mohawk.

After stopping to dine at an inn in the neighborhood, Mr. Markham took Henrietta to see the Shaker settlement at Niskayuna.

During the ride thither, Mr. Markham made his niece somewhat acquainted with the history of this anomalous society, and of that of their foundress, Ann Lee, who was born in England about the middle of the last century, and who from early life had been strongly tinctured with religious enthusiasm. This eventually caused her separation from her husband, a poor blacksmith. Her efforts to found a new sect, whose leading principles should be retirement from the world and all its enjoyments, a community of property, unremitting industry, and perpetual celibacy, brought her into many difficulties in England, and caused her to remove to America, where she succeeded in gaining followers, who looked up to her as endued with the power of seeing prophetic visions and of working miracles. Her proselytes were called Shakers on account of their contortions in that part of their worship which they think it right to celebrate by a sort of dancing.

This was not one of their days of public worship,

on which occasion Mr. Markham would have been unwilling to trust to the little command his volatile niece was in the habit of exercising over her risible propensities. He recollected having been himself excited to something approaching a smile on witnessing the strange manœuvres of their dance, or rather prance, as performed by those demure-looking rigid-faced people: (the men in quaker-cut suits of drab: the women in gray gowns with close linen caps and each her white pocket handkerchief hanging in a fold across her arm)—particularly when they commenced their evolutions to a slow nasal chant of

How beautiful are we,  
A marching round, a marching round.

On approaching the grounds of these singular people who possess at Niskayuna two thousand acres, Mr. Markham pointed out to his niece the exquisite neatness, high cultivation, and flourishing appearance of every thing planted by their hands. Leaving the carriage at the gate, our travellers entered the lawn or green round which the buildings are arranged, the grass being so smooth and soft as to resemble a carpet of velvet. At the door of the first house they were received by a woman who with motionless countenance invited them in, and

desired them coldly to be seated. They found themselves in a sort of parlor, opening into a little chamber in which stood a spinning wheel. The furniture of both rooms was as plain and homely as possible, without a single article of ornament or superfluity. Every thing was in its exact place, and all was orderly and neat to the very utmost. Henrietta could not forbear remarking the exquisite cleanness of the floor: and the woman told her that it had not been washed for three months; implying the ever-watchful care that had prevented it from becoming soiled. This woman was of middle age, and had evidently been long enough a member of the community to have lost all outward traces of the world and its feelings. Her face was pale, and had a bluish gray tint that harmonized with that of her dress. Her eyes were pale also, and they had a cold, passionless, stony look, as if there was "no speculation" in them.

The questions that were addressed to her she answered in as few words as possible, and generally replied (according to the custom of her sect) with the monosyllables "Yea" and "Nay." All that savored of "animated nature" had been gradually worked out of her countenance, and she seemed to speak without any modulation of voice or mobility of feature. Henrietta felt a chill as she looked at her.

The woman, however, was civil and kind in her way, and conducted them round the female part of the establishment, where they saw many other Shaker women of the same stamp, their faces all looking strangely alike; and all were busily and silently employed.

She took them down into the refectory of the females, where the tables were laid for their evening meal; and from thence into the adjoining kitchen, in which were several young girls engaged in preparing it. They found there another party of travellers under the guidance of another *cicerona*, and having with them a beautiful and engaging little girl about five years old. On seeing the child, one of the young Shaker females who seemed about sixteen and was extremely pretty (not having yet had time to "subdue her soul to what it worked in)" set down the frying pan that she was carrying from the fire, and turned round to gaze earnestly at the little visiter, saying: "Thou must not mind my looking at thee: for thou art the very image of a little sister of mine whom I left at home in Albany. Wilt thou eat this dough-nut for her sake?—" producing an immense one from a stone jar in the cupboard. She then took the child on her lap, asked her name and age, and seemed much inclined to caress her. "Kiss the young lady, my dear"—said the mother of the child. The little thing held up



her cherry lips; but the eyes of the poor Shaker girl filled with tears, and she drew back saying faintly —“ Nay—nay—it is not permitted.”

There was a pause—and all of the “ world’s people” that were present seemed struck with compassion for the feelings of tenderness that yet lingered about the heart of the young recluse, and with something like horror for the fanaticism that had forbidden their indulgence.

After leaving the refectory, our heroine and her uncle accompanied one of the men to the store or repository for articles made and raised by the Shakers, and Henrietta bought so many papers of garden seeds and papers of dried herbs, bottles of peach water and bottles of rose water, round wooden boxes, sieves, and other similar articles, that she was also obliged to purchase a large basket to pack them in, before they could be stowed into the carriage?

“ Well”—said her uncle as he opened his pocket-book—“ I would rather you should spend money on useful things like these, than on flimsy finery. Now then I will make a purchase for you of my own choice.”—And he bought her one of their close palm-leaf bonnets with a brown silk cape, telling her it would be the very thing for her to travel in during the remainder of the journey. Henrietta did not much like the bonnet, but now that her cue was goodness, she received it with a smile,

and praised its scoop-shape, so convenient for keeping off the sun.

When the carriage turned from the abode of the Shakers, Henrietta fell into a fit of musing at the strange fact of this society having arisen as lately as the eighteenth century, with tenets and views of religion that seemed only suited to what she had read of the dark ages, and which they had notwithstanding been able to plant in free and enlightened America. Though not much addicted to reflection, she could not forbear pondering awhile on this subject, and afterwards expressing to Mr. Markham her amazement, that it was possible for human beings to exist in a state so at variance with human feelings, and to doom themselves voluntarily to a life so cold, dreary, and laborious.—“However”—said she—“they look and seem just as might be supposed—I thought ten times this afternoon of the adage that ‘all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy’—as to the Jills it must make them duller still.”

“I suppose”—replied her uncle—“these Jacks and Jills of Niskayuna, give their minds to their work, (according to an expression of Mrs. Bowlby’s,) taking pleasure in its daily routine, and pride in the manifest success of their labors.”

“Perhaps they may”—said Henrietta—“but to judge from their cold inanimate faces, I should sup-

pose that they had lost all power of taking pleasure in any thing—and how *can* they, when they harden their feelings against every species of natural affection?”

“I agree with you”—answered Mr. Markham.—“And when so much that is good is expelled from the heart there is reason to fear that something evil may come in to fill up the vacancy.”

Next day to gratify Henrietta’s desire with a specimen of that mode of travelling, they embarked on the canal for Schenectady. Our heroine soon found that the pleasures of an Erie canal boat were by no means great. The cabin was close, and crowded with baggage, the portion allotted to the ladies being divided only by a flimsy red curtain from the common apartment, and seats were so scarce that many persons sat *in* the berths and some on the edges. The little deck in front of the cabin was unfailingly deluged with water every time the boat passed through a lock. The passengers then either retreated into the cabin, or clambered up the steep and inconvenient steps to gain the roof, or upper deck; and if they remained there their lives were in continual jeopardy from the lowness of the almost innumerable bridges as they came to the domains of each successive landholder through whose property the canal was carried. In passing under these ever-recurring bridges (of which none were sufficiently

high,) the heads of the passengers were in such danger that the only way to save them, was to crouch down upon the deck, prostrating the chairs, and remaining in that uncomfortable posture till the boat had gone through the arch. For want of taking this precaution several fatal accidents have happened on the Erie canal, producing an instant and dreadful death.

Henrietta agreed with her uncle that the most pleasant part of their canal trip was that in which they stepped off the boat and walked for a mile or two on the towing-path.

Our young heroine had been much disappointed on her first sight of the grand canal—and till Mr. Markham explained to her that it was really a great and stupendous work, with its immense length, its locks, and its aqueducts, she could scarcely persuade herself that it was any thing more than a large muddy ditch. He told her of the ceremonies in celebration of the day when it was first opened for navigation—and of the boat elegantly decorated that was sent from Lake Erie to the ocean, taking the Hudson at Albany; and of the cannon-firing down the whole line of 363 miles, beginning at Buffalo and ending at Sandy Hook; each town and village along the banks of the canal and the river, being provided with a piece of artillery which was

to be instantly discharged on hearing the gun from the last place above.

Our travellers dined on board—the dinner being furnished by a boat called the Betsey Cook, stationed at a turn in the canal. The dishes were handed from the Betsey Cook through the windows, and the dinner was excellent.

By the time they arrived at Schenectady the curiosity of our heroine as to canal-travelling was entirely satisfied, and her uncle took places in a very good stage that passed through Markhamville.

By the time they arrived at their journey's end our heroine had learned that it is not an umbrella or any other accidental appendage that denotes either the gentleman or the lady, and that Mr. Markham would have been regarded with respect had he travelled from Maine to Florida with a *parapluie* of tow-cloth.

“There is my last town—there is Markhamville!” said her uncle as they approached a pretty and flourishing little place, on a fine stream that was turning various saw-mills and flour-mills. There were a main street and two cross streets, of fresh, brightly painted houses, each standing in its own garden. There was the usual proportion of taverns and stores, also a market-house, two churches, and an academy. At the upper end of the main street stood Mr. Markham's spacious

mansion of everlasting granite, shaded with aboriginal trees that had been left for the purpose when the forest was converted into a town. The house-keeper, a smart, active, pleasant-faced old woman, came out in her holiday suit to meet them; and in half an hour after their arrival, she introduced them to a tea-table whose very inviting contents might have feasted twenty people.

Under the guidance of Mrs. Bowlby, Henrietta Harrison became such a proficient in housewifery that her uncle pronounced her puff-paste to be quite equal to that of her instructress; and the stockings that she knit for him were certainly shaped with far more grace and symmetry than any that had been manufactured by her veteran mistress in the art.

The blue cotton umbrella hung always in the hall, behind the front-door; and our heroine had become so used to it, that she frequently carried it herself when she went out in dull weather.

A year passed on; and young Luttrell had nearly faded from Henrietta's memory, as she supposed she had done from his; her uncle having apprised her that travelling acquaintances are not expected to be lasting. Besides which she was the belle of Markhamville, and laughed and flirted equally with all the Markhamville beaux, namely, two young lawyers; one young doctor; the most genteel of

the store-keepers; the second principal of the academy (the first had a wife;) the minister, who, however, was a widower with nine children, and, therefore, not a very good match; and the editor of the Markhamville People's Luminary, who talked poetry beautifully, and expected some day to be in congress.

One day, having business at the principal store, and the clouds threatening rain, Henrietta took the blue cotton umbrella and carried it out with her. Having made her purchases, the rain began to drop just as she left Mr. Griddlesby's door.

At that moment, a stage stopped to change horses at the neighboring tavern, and one of its passengers was Mr. Luttrell, then on his way to inspect some land which he owned in the far northwest. Seeing a remarkably genteel looking young lady standing on the steps of the store and putting up a blue cotton umbrella (which by this time was much faded,) his attention was excited for a moment; and looking at her with some curiosity, he found her surprisingly handsome both in face and figure. The chord of memory was new touched, and he instantly recollected the very pretty and somewhat *espiègle* school-girl with whom he had been a little smitten in the Albany boat, and whose mortification at her uncle's blue cotton umbrella his sister had amusingly hinted to him. The truth

flashed upon him at once. There was that very pretty girl carrying that very same blue cotton umbrella, and as she walked up the street with it he thought he had never seen a more prepossessing air and figure. He recollected, too, that he was now at Markhamville, (of which place and its founder he had just heard a history from a gentleman in the stage,) and that the uncle of the fair vision before him had given him the preceding year, at parting, an invitation to his house in case of travelling in that direction.

"I will take him at his word," thought Luttrell—and he determined to remain at Markhamville till next day.

This arrangement was soon accomplished; and having engaged a room at the inn, unpacked his trunk, changed his dress, and made himself look his very best, he proceeded to Mr. Markham's house, where he was immediately recognised and gladly received by the old gentleman and Henrietta.

It was about the same season in the following year that, after repeated visits to Markhamville, (each one more pleasant than the last,) Luttrell brought with him his sister Eliza to act as bridesmaid to our heroine; her uncle having consented to her marriage with a resident of the city of New



York, only on condition that they should make him a long visit every summer.

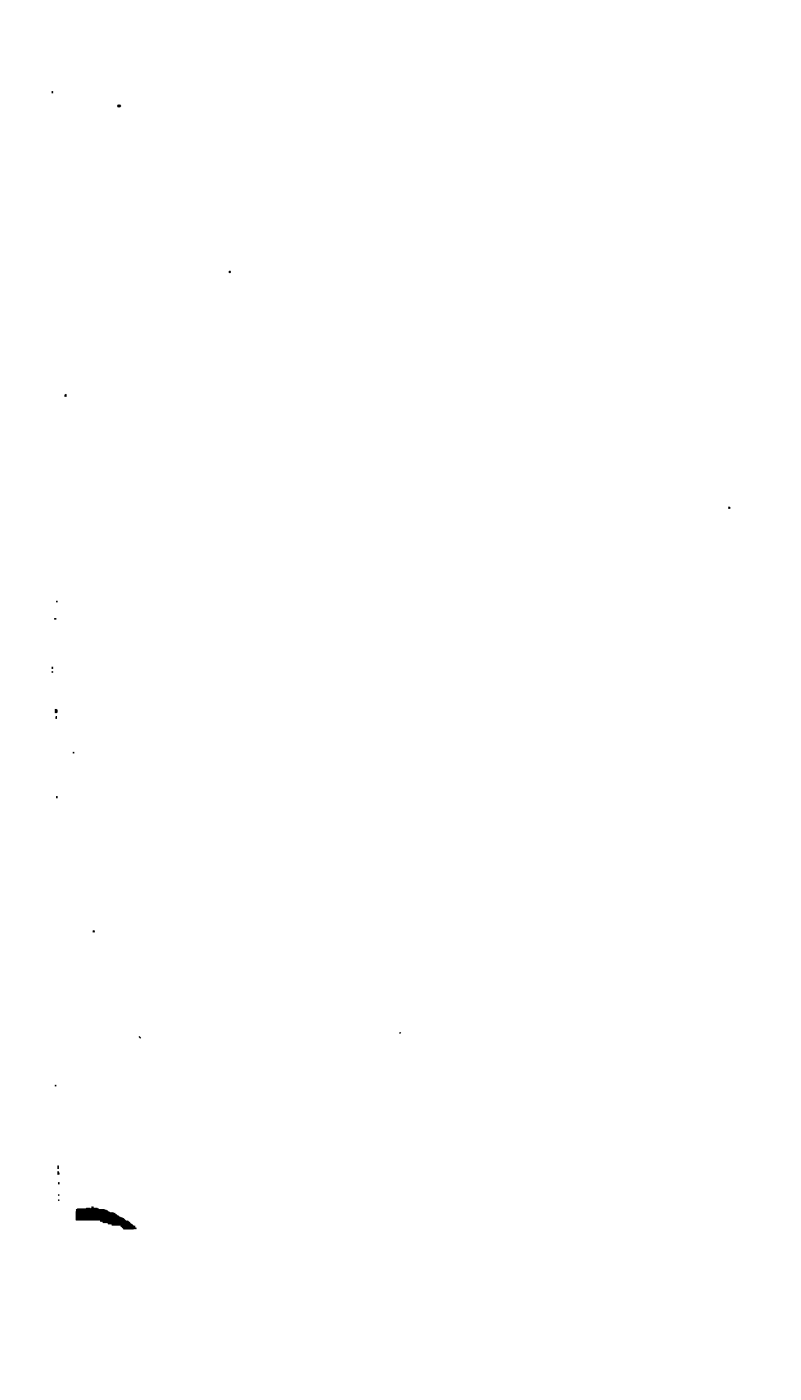
"Henrietta," said Luttrell, as they passed through the hall on the day after their wedding, "great events arise from little causes. I have not yet told you to what circumstance we owe our present happiness, (for I am sure it is mutual,) and which must be dated from the renewal of our acquaintance when I accidentally arrived last summer at Markhamville.—It was to my recognising you by that blue cotton umbrella, which I more than suspect caused you much annoyance on the day we were fellow-passengers in the steam-boat."

"Ungallant already?" said Henrietta, sportively. —"Before we were married you suppressed this important fact, and allowed me to suppose that you had never lost sight of me in your mind's eye, and that you required nothing to bring me to your recollection but a glance at myself alone. But *n'importe*—I am willing to owe our present happiness, as you justly term it, even to a blue cotton umbrella."

THE END.

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